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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

Another fort, regarded when it was taken from the Chinese as one of the keys to the Port Arthur fortifications, was stormed by the Japanese on Thursday. But with Russians in defence neither Erh-lung-shan nor any other single fort can be looked on as a key. The success of the attack was costly as other successes and carried through with similar disregard of life. The attack had three stages. The outer parapet was destroyed by dynamite mines and rushed. When in possession the Japanese threw up shelter works in the face of a tremendous fire. Six hours later they charged the heavy guns, and finally some hours later again drove the remainder of the garrison from the gorge of the fort. The Japanese losses are put at 1,000 and the Russians lost two-thirds of the garrison of 500. The fort is on the extremity of the eastern ridge, where it falls to the valley along which the railway runs. The forts immediately on the other side are still in Russian hands; and the capture even of this powerful fort can only be looked on as some help towards further attacks. In itself the fort menaces nothing and there will be yet need of several such victories before the old town can be captured. On the western side the Japanese appear to be steadily advancing their line from Pigeon Bay and the Russians withdrawing their outposts.

The torpedo attack on the "Sevastopol" may be taken as the conclusion of Admiral Togo's first campaign. Port Arthur no longer needs a ward and Admiral Togo has returned to Japan, it is said with many of his ships, to receive the thanks of the people. His official declaration of the destruction of the fleet is a sailor-like message and the allusion to the superior claims of General Nogi and the land army quite in the vein of proper courtesy. It is true that dramatically he himself has done nothing comparable with his first battle in the roadstead of Port Arthur, but the beating back of the bulk of the Russian fleet into Port Arthur was in the final issue as calamitous for the Russians; and the history of war has few such striking examples of

the co-operation of the two arms of the service. As Admiral Togo reached Japan a number of distinguished persons, including ten foreign attachés, four members of the House of Peers, seventeen members of the House of Representatives, set out from Yokohama "for the neighbourhood of Port Arthur".

While Admiral Togo is at Tokio Admiral Kamimura is sailing south with a squadron of unknown strength. Two of his cruisers have been sighted off Singapore and since his arrival preparations for strengthening the fortifications on Formosa have been observed. We are still without any authentic information about the future movements of the Baltic fleet; but there is a curious consensus of opinion that the first two squadrons will meet off Madagascar, where they may await the arrival of a third, which, it is said, will start from Libau towards the end of January. The recall of Admiral Skrydloff from Vladivostok, possibly also the substitution of Vice-Admiral Dubassoff for Kaznakoff on the North Sea Commission, suggest that Captain Klado's campaign has not been without effect and an effort is to be made to prepare yet another fleet.

The Tsar's "decree" on reform in Russia, which the world has been anticipating as a signal for revolution or sign of concession, was issued on Tuesday. It did not of course justify the prejudiced anticipations. Russia is not governed by people who change suddenly or take alien views of the worth of autocracy. "The immutability of the fundamental laws of the empire" is the text of this "scheme for the improvement of the administration of the State"; and student dreams of parliamentary government or even political extension of the sphere of the Zemstvos have not the benefit of an allusion. Indeed the whole message is not so much a "scheme", as its title suggests, as an expression of principle. But under the benefit of the Tsar's autocracy certain principles of equality and popular control are recognised as capable of extension. Were Russia on the edge of revolution the references to equality of all people under the law and some spread of local government—good enough suggestions in social reform—are much too vague to assuage the mildest revolutionists; and the decree is an acknowledgment by the Government that the revolutionary party, as indeed a minority of the Moscow Zemstvo asserted, has no subversive desires.

It is a strange coincidence that just seventy-nine years, almost to a day, after the first public cry of "Constitution" was heard in the streets of S. Petersburg,

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the word should be on so many Russian lips in connexion with the recent Imperial Ukaz. In December 1825, however, the idea was so far from conveying any meaning to the crowd gathered in the Place du Sénat, that the cry of "Long live the Constitution" raised by the fore doomed Decembrists was thought to be a salve to the new autocrat's consort. For nearly a fortnight it had been uncertain whether Constantine or Nicholas would succeed the late Tsar, and the word "Constitution" was believed by the bulk of the people to refer to Constantine's wife.

The reasons why Europe should be deeply interested in Morocco are not all gravely political. One of the best of our modern novelists recently explored the country; and the successive events of the last few weeks should give him at least as much material for his next novel as for the maiden speech he hopes to make in Parliament. Certainly it is one of the few romantic countries left, and Raisuli, the brigand Roi des Montagnes, shows inclination to play his part on the grand scale. There is no reason to doubt, whatever the details may include, that the account by the "Times" correspondent of the deputation to the Sultan is substantially correct. The Moor chieftains, alarmed at French designs, met in conclave and sent to Abdul Aziz some sort of ultimatum. The spokesman was the powerful Shereef, Sid Jaafer Elkitani, and the heads of his address are said to have been: a breaking-off of relations with France; the dismissal of foreign military missions; the deposition of "pro-foreign" viziers; and the refusal to permit the proposed French mission to proceed.

The report of the speech depends perhaps as much on inference as on special information; and the inference, which is the more trustworthy of the two sources, is capable of strong corroborative evidence. M. Delcassé has ordered M. St.-René Taillandier's mission not to proceed to Fez; the European Powers, with the exception of Germany, have withdrawn their consuls from Fez. Most of them will go to Tangier, whose population, what with disappointed merchants and retired officials, is likely to have its population largely increased; and Raisuli, who shadows the suburbs, will have a large selection when he next desires an important captive. There is every reason to believe that this culmination of the Sultan's difficulties is a direct result of the Anglo-French agreement. The Russian press suggests with excessive ingenuity that perfidious Albion has been thus trying to drag France into a war and even in France there is a tendency to argue that the responsibility of supremacy in Morocco is greater than the privilege. This attitude makes it the more remarkable that in the recent debates on the Agreement the Moorish question was hardly debated.

Mr. Elihu Root, late Secretary for War in America, has made a statement concerning the Monroe doctrine to which so much importance is attached that it is difficult not to believe he was flying a kite in order to test European winds for the information of Mr. Roosevelt. As the Monroe doctrine forbids the acquisition by any European Power of territory on or near the American continents, and as in some cases territorial acquisition may be the only means of punishing a recalcitrant in South or Central America, the United States must, says Mr. Root, herself undertake to secure redress. If this declaration was made with a view to sound public opinion on this side of the Atlantic, the Republican Government must be delighted at the reception given it. It is hailed as the fitting corollary of the recognition by Europe of the Monroe doctrine. We can hardly share the satisfaction it seems to have occasioned. Its acceptance means not only that the United States are to be the arbiters in all disputes between a European Power and a petty South American State, but that if a quarrel opens up the way to legitimate advantage to anyone the Republic intends to seize it. The President as chief constable of the Western Hemisphere is a theory equally pretty and subtle; but it cannot be endorsed unreservedly by Powers alive to American pretensions

or the possibilities latent in the Southern American States.

At Bombay Sir Henry Cotton is occupying the congenial position of President of the Indian National Congress. As a rule the congress is not worth more notice than the eccentric views of its president. But it must be allowed that the congress showed no disloyalty and laid stress on one principle on which it was sounder than many professed imperialists. Since the Boer war there has been no improvement in the treatment of our Indian subjects in the Transvaal, though enough was said of their wrongs when the Boers were responsible for their treatment. We are astonished that the congress did not go further and protest against the attitude adopted through South Africa and indeed in other colonies towards natives of India, without reference to their degree of culture. It is a disgrace to decent humanity and a mockery of the claims of empire that men of such refinement should be lumped with unspecified aliens in the by-law of any portion of the empire.

Perhaps the number of distinguished visitors to India is of more importance than the National Council. While the British Mission is conferring with the Amir at Kabul, his eldest son is enjoying the Viceroy's hospitality at Calcutta. This rather curious arrangement has the incidental advantage of providing mutual hostages for the safety of each party of visitors. Primarily it prevents any misconstruction which might be put on the despatch of an Indian mission to the Afghan capital before the Amir has found it possible to meet the Viceroy in person on the Indian side of the frontier. Such a visit would have been in accordance with precedent and it is unfortunate that an arrangement so suitable to the relative position of the two Powers could not be carried out. But a ruler of the Afghans must be very firmly fixed before he finds it safe to leave his own territory unless he can take all his surviving rivals with him.

The Porte has of course yielded to the demand of the Powers for the increase of officers for the new gendarmerie; but the answer is expressed with a delicate irony which leaves the suggestion of triumph on the side of the Turk. The Powers themselves in the first instance suggested twenty-five officers as a proper complement: they now desire twenty-three more; and the Turkish Government, in a tone of tolerant firmness to that fickle association of nations, demands a pledge that they shall not again change their estimate. It is then courteously hinted that the agitators responsible for the unrest mostly come from outside the Turkish Empire; and after this incidental affirmation of fact the Powers are asked to give a promise that the forty-eight officers shall busy themselves exclusively with the organisation of gendarmerie: the Porte is not going to have a mob of foreigners commanding its police. The answer concludes with the expression of a hope in the acquiescence of the Powers; and we trust they will show themselves amenable.

On Thursday the Emperor of Austria accepted Dr. von Körber's resignation. He has been Premier for five years and the length of his term of office, taken with the difficulties of his position, is the best testimony to his qualities. Perhaps he showed no proof of great statesmanship, and on one occasion, in an overweening reference to Hungarian politics, forgot the persistent tact for which he was famous in Austrian politics. But every Austrian Premier is a person to be sorry for; he is forced to spend half his energies on conciliating racial and local prejudices which are the negation of empire. Dr. von Körber was finally ruined by a combination of Germans and Czechs, but he lost the support of the Czechs long ago by his attitude to the official use of the Czech language in Bohemia; and it is quite certain that any premier, either in Austria or Hungary, who has to spend his time in these little dodges for reconciling the different races, will have small chance of exercising any capacity for larger statesmanship; and the game itself must be a perpetual vexation.



The French War Minister has given terribly sharp rebuke to his predecessor, General André, in a circular to general officers, sternly reprobating the methods and practice of delation in the army lately brought to light. "Such acts must never be repeated; and any disobedience to this order will be severely punished." Very good indeed; if seriously intended, and not a well-understood cover of past delinquencies. At the same time it is rather hard on General André that he should be thrown over in this way. Was not all done out of zeal for the Republic and for the good Monsieur Combes?

The announcement in the "Times" that the War Office has at last ordered sufficient guns to re-arm the artillery is welcome indeed. But that this was not done in this year's Army Estimates is one of the gravest indictments which can be framed against the new order of things. This charge of 2½ millions was contemplated in a "draft" total of the estimates for 1904-5 which was prepared in the financial department before Mr. Brodrick left the War Office in October 1903. But in order to reduce the estimates, and thus please the ignorant, this item was deliberately omitted in the current ones. Thus, whilst the Esher Committee and Mr. Arnold-Forster were tinkering at comparatively unimportant details—such as changing the names of and adding to the number of war officials whilst ejecting others, and evolving a new plan which almost all experts, both in and out of the War Office, declare to be unworkable, the safety of the empire was placed in jeopardy through lack of courage in demanding of the House of Commons and the Treasury the sum of 2½ millions!

Whatever other personalities the electioneers in Mile End may indulge in, we feel confident that neither side will reproach the other for being "Jew" or "German Jew" or anything of this kind. This is the sort of cry which is raised loudly in some contests when the name or race of one of the candidates is under suspicion. Mr. Straus and Mr. Lawson will not allow their supporters to go in for any such delicacy. Mr. Lawson has not fared well in politics so far. He was one of the likeliest of the younger Liberals in the House twelve or fourteen years ago: brain, influence, and "a pot of money"—these, it was thought, must send him rapidly to the front. He spoke well both at the County Council and in the House of Commons; and in the latter place made a real hit when he roughly flung over Mr. Labouchere and the New Radicals on the question of the Royal grants. On another occasion Mr. Lawson delighted the House by a ready and neat reply to Mr. Chamberlain who was being galled by the mocking interruption of some lesser Gladstonian on a back bench. Mr. Chamberlain thought he had at length discovered the offender in Mr. Lawson and was proceeding to deal out condign punishment, when the latter rose very quietly and mentioned that he had not uttered a word. "If I did wish to interrupt anyone, the right honourable gentleman would be the last I should select for the purpose." These little things count in the making of a Parliamentary reputation.

Mr. Wingfield Digby, whose death causes a vacancy in the representation of North Dorset, was an English country gentleman of a good type. A man who loved the land and lived on it: a man of horses and dogs and real games of country cricket, of plenty of hunting and shooting; and yet one who delighted in public duties performed with thoroughness and without show. Men of this type are not so extremely rare as some would have us believe: when they are in town—a place they detest as a rule—you will find them still at Arthur's; but admittedly it is not a type which is thriving and increasing in these days. It will be an ill day when the House of Commons has not a warm welcome for English country gentlemen, such as Mr. Wingfield Digby, Tory or Liberal.

The general state of business is at last beginning to reflect itself in the Revenue Returns. Mr. Austen Chamberlain can hardly regard the receipts up to 24 December with complacency. Notwithstanding the extra penny on the income-tax, the revenue for the

nine months is less by £2,000,000 than in 1903, and it is now anticipated that the Budget, so far from showing a surplus of half a million, will show a considerable deficit. The anxiety of the Treasury finds expression in a circular which has been issued to the income tax collectors. Certain revisions have been made in the system hitherto in force which the Chancellor of the Exchequer says will not inflict any hardship on the income-tax payer but are mainly intended for the guidance of the collector. What the new regulations amount to however is just this: whereas in previous years the income-tax has not in many cases been paid till the end of June, now it must be got in by 30 April. Two months' less grace may involve a serious situation for people who are hard pressed and through no fault of their own are threatened with loss of credit. It certainly does not appear wise for the Government to press their claims unduly at the very time when business shows some signs of improvement.

The report of the trade unions as to the unemployed contains two distinct portions, one of which accurately sets out many of the causes of unemployment which are normally at work in society; the other, dealing with remedies, raises controversial matters which may appear indisputable to trade unionists but would raise contentions which, at any rate at present, they could hardly expect would be settled in their favour. The largest claim is that the trade unions should be the recognised agency to deal with the class of workers who are respectable men temporarily distressed owing to inability to obtain employment; the rest, the ordinary applicants for poor-law relief, to be dealt with by the Guardians. In other respects the recommendations as to public provision of works are very much on the lines of the suggestions with which we have become lately so familiar.

In connexion with this subject the Guardians of St. George's, Hanover Square, at their fortnightly meeting on Wednesday discussed the leading article in the "Times" of Tuesday in which the action of the Guardians in administering the poor law was severely criticised. The charge was that the pauperism of St. George's compared unfavourably with that of Bethnal Green, and that in St. George's lax administration and want of courage and foresight accounted more for the extent of pauperism than the condition of the labour market. It was admitted that the workhouse was full and that outdoor relief had increased. This is ascribed to the dishousing of between one and two thousand families during the last two years; and for want of houses many families have been absolutely driven into the workhouse. In fact people have been living in the workhouse because there were no other homes for them. The Guardians unanimously declare that the article founded on the report of Mr. Lockwood, an official of the Local Government Board, seriously misrepresents their action, and it was agreed that Mr. Lockwood should be invited to attend before a committee appointed to consider the matter. The speeches at the meeting explain very instructively the extraordinary difficulties experienced in administering the poor law.

In the "Standard" of Wednesday there is an extremely interesting letter from Lady Falmouth on the teaching of hygiene in schools with special reference to the use of alcohol. She remarks that in a recent visit to America she was impressed by the sobriety of the American people and "the total absence of the poor drink-sodden beings" often met with in England. Inquiry showed that special provision is made in the States for instruction in hygiene and temperance; and on her return she found that last year a petition was presented to Lord Londonderry signed by fifteen thousand medical men asking that these same subjects should be included as compulsory in our elementary education. This is done in our colonies and in several European countries. The Physical Degeneration Committee recommended it; there is no doubt about what could be usefully taught; and there are suitable text-books. The only difficulty seems to lie in the lack of teachers, and this would quickly be supplied if the Board of Education took the matter in hand.

earnestly and stepped out of the stage of consideration into that of action. The doctors and Lady Falmouth are agreed that we need instruction in this matter more than most countries and yet have much less of it.

Bishop Gore's first appointment as Bishop-elect of Birmingham is the selection of Mr. Wilfred Burrows as archdeacon. He could not have found a better man. Mr. Burrows belongs to the diminishing class of double firsts in Oxford schools; but perhaps his especial qualities for the work are outside his record in the schools. His great energy was for a time a little abated by the effects of his too great zeal as a climber, but with his recovery from his fall he got back the muscular energy which is an essential part of his intellectual energy. Some of his old pupils will perhaps remember a comparison of Mr. Burrows with Professor Case, the new President of Corpus. The point of similarity, not at first evident, consisted in the zeal with which Mr. Burrows, at that time lecturing in Roman history, discussed the *Eights* at his evening readings of Dante, and the eagerness of Professor Case—then fighting Mr. T. G. Jackson on the restoration of the 'Varsity church—to qualify antiquarian questions in Herodotus with prospects for the *Eleven*.

Mr. Chamberlain has spoken with very proper heat of the attempt made to prevent the reception of the Coldstream Guards at Birmingham on Sunday. "I do not understand", said Mr. Chamberlain, "what is meant in such a case by 'desecration of the Sabbath'". Nor do we. A special service is to be held for the Guards in the morning—we presume the clergymen's letters of protest do not refer to this—and the principal feature of the reception of the Guards in the evening is to be the playing of a selection of sacred music in the Town Hall. We know that a brass instrument or indeed any orchestral music is regarded as irreverent by some persons; and we hope it is this silly feeling rather than any sentiment against the soldiers, many of them, as Mr. Chamberlain said, recruited from "our city", which has given occasion to the protests. The Coldstream Guards are as fine a body of men—and have proved it many times—as we have; and our experience is that religious reverence is much more conspicuous among soldiers than among civilians in their class of life.

Some words in the SATURDAY REVIEW of a few weeks since on the disfigurement of the Mall by a hideous electric advertisement have been taken amiss by the organs of advertising opinion. It is pointed out that the advertisement in question was there before the improvement in the Mall was effected. Quite so; but this is not an argument in favour of its being there after. The question of priority does not come in. If the advertisers were to flare announcements of their pills, powders or whiskies on Buckingham Palace at the other end of the Mall we should not protest against it on the ground that Buckingham Palace was there first. The gentlemen of the advertising press suggest that we should, instead of making rude remarks about this disfigurement, condemn the authorities for cutting down the trees in the Mall. Now we should have thought this was just the thing they would have wished for: the nasty trees stood in the way of their beautiful flaring lights at the east end of the Mall. Still the trees were there before the advertisements—so perhaps they ought not to have been cut down!

A Bank Holiday in London is not a joy; it is even less a thing of beauty. Shuttered streets wear the forlornness of desertion without its quiet; the straggling knots straying from one public-house to another, screaming or crooning as they go, are too constant for that. But the holiday itself is not so bad as the indeterminate next day; when the honest worker is upset by the sullen idleness of the unwilling worker and the open revels flaunt their abandonment by accentuated disorder. And if this day of neither play nor work is, as on Tuesday, one of raw damp cold, drizzle, and muddy slime, there you have the last straw. If the camel's back is not broken, it is only because he has such a hump that you cannot get to it.

## REVISION IN RUSSIA.

THE issue of the Tsar's "Scheme for the Improvement of the Administration of the State" is a decisive answer to those who indulged the unreasonable expectation that in the midst of a great war fundamental constitutional changes would be introduced into the government of Russia. Whatever may be the defects in administration that have been disclosed during the war, or the discontents which the ill success of the Russian arms has brought to the surface, there have been no signs of any revolutionary movement possessing such strength as is necessary for imposing a new form of government from without. In the absence of a movement of this kind no government whether autocratic or constitutional, whilst it is engrossed in a foreign war, will consent to discuss the question of its own powers. There has been a professed belief, but whether seriously held or not we cannot say, that the hand of the Tsar's Government would be forced, and the first stages at least of what is called the inevitable march towards constitutionalism be entered upon. To those who are so enamoured of constitutionalism that all other forms of government are regarded as temporary makeshifts, we suppose the definitive announcement that Russia is not to be granted this imagined boon will appear to be the crown of her misfortunes. It is difficult to understand this view when the well-known facts are that constitutionalism is a modern doctrine of the State which immensely increases the difficulties of governing. Where it has been introduced in other European countries more advanced in modern civilisation than Russia, the system of autocracy has had to be held as a force in reserve, so that it is considered at the most as a mixed blessing, even in theory. In practice we see sufficient of the working of popular assemblies to know that often the States where they are most active are exposed to danger in proportion to those activities; and the permanent stability and strength are supplied by the reserved autocracy. Austria, Germany, and France are examples by which we may test the distribution of the real governing power between the non-representative and the popular constituents of the State. France has tried many forms of constitution; but since the first emperor the one institution that has permanently kept government in its hands is the bureaucracy; and parliamentarism has always failed to free itself from its control. The powers vested in the President of the United States make of him during his term a sovereign less limited by the functions of the legislature than most hereditary monarchs; and the popular assemblies generally possess little either of power or prestige. In South America the attempts to govern by constitutionalism have been failures; and their history proves the futility of applying an abstract theory of government without regard to practical conditions. Our own parliamentary institutions have perhaps been more successful than others; but the indifference with which Parliament is now regarded is one of the most significant changes that have come over popular opinion as to the relative values of different departments of Government and the changed balance of power in our constitution. Amongst those who are more intimately acquainted with the working of the parliamentary machine there is no ambiguity, at least in private, in their expression of distrust and want of confidence in its capacity for doing the work which theoretically the constitution allots to it.

It is fairly certain that if such a series of measures as is contained in the Tsar's Ukase were to be proposed in the Parliament of our own or any other country, there would be less chance of their becoming law than there will be under the Russian autocratic system; on the supposition that these measures are seriously proposed. At least under this autocracy the ablest men can be selected; and it is not doubt of ability but of the intentions of the officials that makes them suspected. The epithet "reactionary" seems to be considered argument enough on that point. Yet the interests of the lower classes of the people would probably be less disinterestedly considered by the dominancy of the territorial magnates in the



Chamber than by the officials in the bureau. Such class government as this might be more oppressive in a parliament than the régime of officials who are not identified with any special order in the nation. The officials of the Russian autocracy are in this position, as has always been the case where the sovereign is free to choose his own Ministers. The restored influence of M. Witte at the present moment is an instance of this flexibility of administration. With all the charges of corruption and incapacity which have been so freely made with more prejudice than knowledge against the officials as a class neither the ability nor the sincerity of M. Witte has been impeached. Yet he does not consider constitutional changes to be either desirable or necessary for effecting the reforms promised in the Ukase. We are entitled to attach great importance to his readiness to believe sufficient the instruments he finds ready to his hands—that is to say the benevolent will of the Tsar and the loyalty and ability of the officials. What is the value of ordinary English opinion when it professes to appraise the virtues of constitutionalism in Russia in comparison with the vices of a system opprobriously named "reactionary"; a question-begging term totally misapplied in reference to the only form of government under which Russians have ever lived? It is simply of no value at all; and this is also exactly what may be said of the sneers at official incapacity founded on unpreparedness in the war with Japan. The change to constitutionalism would not promise much on this point, if we reflect on our own management of the South African war; and at this moment our parliamentary government is accused of neglecting military preparations so scandalously that there is not a great nation in Europe so badly armed with artillery as ourselves.

Revision in Russia there will doubtless be: a nearer approach to legal equality of all sections of the people, extension of local government, for which the peasantry are very well fitted, the relaxing of religious disabilities, and the suspension of coercive measures in special districts. These improvements would all come if the Tsar's Government were given a fair chance, and they might come soon. Education, also, and above all the great economic problem, the dominant question for the Russian nation, how to facilitate the more rapid development of the country's enormous latent resources, would gradually receive attention, if freedom from external trouble and internal disloyalty, with its threats of rebellion, gave the executive officials leisure to think these matters out. There will be no action until they have been thought out. It is a saving feature in the Russian character that it does not act before it thinks: a habit of mind that may make for slowness but makes equally for sureness. It is largely because we are deeply impressed with the need of constructive development in Russia that we view with the keenest regret the revolutionary agitation kept up by some of her people. It is idle to suppose a government is going to devote its attention to local government and social reforms, when an attempt is being made, partly by crime, partly by violent talk, to subvert the whole political system of the country; the time chosen for such an agitation being just when the Government and the whole nation is strained to the very utmost by a gigantic struggle with a rival, and a near neighbour, of the greatest capacity, resource and determination. Inevitably the Tsar and his Ministers can see in men who thus take advantage of their country's trouble, one might almost say their country's agony, to push their own political propaganda and to weaken and embarrass the executive, nothing but traitors and disloyalists to whose demands no sort of concession should be made. Whatever their motives, be the qualities of their political proposals what they may, the Russian revolutionaries are in no sense patriots. Even a little patriotism would keep them quiet for the present, and prevent them hampering the Tsar until the struggle with Japan was over. We remember a passage in the monograph on Pitt, in which Lord Rosebery insists with the most forceful eloquence on the necessity of a nation at war concentrating its whole energy on the war without a single side thought. The man who

deliberately prevents that being done to serve his own political ends is a traitor to his country. So generally is this recognised that in parliamentary countries the Opposition hardly ever admits that it wishes to embarrass the Government in the conduct of the war. Hypocrisy is repellent, or there would be a pleasant humour in the sympathy with the Russian revolutionaries of Conservative papers who were never tired of preaching to the Opposition the enormity of their unpatriotism in venturing to criticise Her Majesty's Government even in the smallest detail of their conduct of the war. The Opposition were told that if they had any patriotism in them, they would not thus embarrass the Government in a time of war. What if the Opposition had chosen the occasion for a grand agitation against the House of Lords or against the Throne; revolutions, or "reforms", as they are called when Russia is the venue, not nearly so violent as the proposed change to a representative system in Russia? What thunderings would there have been, what appeals to heavens above and earth beneath to witness the Opposition's depravity. Yet those who do this in Russia are patriots, rightly struggling to be free. We do not admire the morality that makes the subtle distinctions which coincide so singularly with self-interest. English applauders of Russian revolutionaries think an internal disruption would cripple Russia for many years, and would be for England's advantage. Then let them have the honesty to say so, drop cant about Russian freedom, throw off hypocrisy, and we should not be in the least degree inclined to lecture them for their view of the position.

#### WANT AND INDEPENDENCE.

WHENEVER distress urges society to venture on schemes of help which do not fall within the cast-iron system of the Poor Law Act of 1834, immediately the cry resounds that the demoralising influences of the epoch prior to that sacred year are being introduced into the veins of the honest industrious poor, and that all the virtues of individual and family life are being poisoned at their source. Whenever reform is mentioned in connexion with the treatment of the poor the thoughts of economists of a certain class instinctively go back seventy years; and they view with alarm the change of public sentiment which in fact has made such a return impossible. The new ideal is to humanise all the agencies by which the poor are to be assisted. Reform of the poor law no longer means merely making the workhouse a place where the poor shall dread to go. Yet those who would rejoice to see the old antipathy of the poor to the workhouse revived are also they who resist all efforts either by the State or private individuals or societies to keep the poor out of the workhouse. If the proposal is to establish old-age pensions we get from them denunciations of socialism. There is not an agency which endeavours to introduce a brighter side into the dull routine of the lives of the poor, that is not regarded timorously or with aversion lest their "independence should be sapped" by charity. Leave them alone, or you will do more harm than good, is the whole social gospel of the individualist whose positive dogmas are—the workhouse a prison, and the abolition of outdoor relief.

We admit that a good many who are now kept in comfortable idleness in the workhouse ought to be kept at work compulsorily and made to support themselves or their families. But our poor-law system by taking the poor "in the lump" and making no distinctions inflicts cruel injustice on the industrious. It is on behalf of these that we protest against the doctrine that to help is to pauperise them. Not until everything has been done by public or private assistance to keep them from the workhouse can the workhouse be administered as those would have it who dream of 1834. The provision of work by public means for the purpose of making the way to the workhouse difficult is an idea which has rather suddenly become recognised as a duty by the conscience of the community. It is a species of help, however, which sins against orthodox economics and poor-law

administration. Hitherto if the working-man could get no employment, to provide it for him, except in the workhouse, would "sap his independence", so the doctrinaires said. But this, as other individualistic fallacies, is being disproved by wider experience. When industrial crises come, and periods of distress, we see more sapping of independence through men losing heart, and more pauperism created than by the most indiscriminate charity. The readiness shown by municipalities to consider schemes for providing work during the present stress is only the first stage towards a really rational and humane system of aiding the classes specially exposed to the evil effects of vicissitudes of trade. To what extent it may be developed it is not possible to foresee; but the important fact is that when once the State and municipalities together admit responsibility for organising unemployed labour in times of crisis, they will soon see also natural and local advantage in establishing a permanent machinery for absorbing the superfluous labour which is always being thrown out of the market even in ordinary times. The procedure of the London Central Committee embodies the true view that demoralisation will not result from helping the industrious. The one point worthy of attention in the individual doctrine is that there are classes who cannot be helped precisely in this way. For them must be reserved a treatment which we cannot make drastic enough so long as we have only the present workhouse system with its easy entrances and exits for the worthless. This treatment requires that our public aid shall be widened and not narrowed in its operation; in the direction that is to say in which the Central Committee is going. Its employment scheme is for those who are industrially fit, not for the unfit; its charitable funds from various sources are paid to it and distributed by it so as to observe the condition that there shall not be indiscriminate charity, and that the loafers and parasites shall not flourish on overlapping funds. Make this distinction right through all state and municipal aid to the poor, and the word socialism need have no terror; nor will the charitable be bewildered between the teaching of Christianity that to give to the poor is a duty and a blessing, and of political economy and the poor-law purists that almsgiving "saps independence" and is twice curst, both for the giver and the recipient. It may be said by some that a complete socialistic organisation would prevent the labour of any class of persons becoming useless to the community; hence there would be no poor to provide for. But unless a socialistic society was wholly unprogressive it must often happen that an invention, for example, would destroy the skill of certain classes, and they would have to be provided for by a socialistic poor law until they were re-absorbed into the ranks of labour. In any case public aid for those whose labour has become useless for a time is necessary in any state of society in order to prevent it from becoming permanently useless. It is purely absurd to think of dealing with a community of workers like that of West Ham by any other method. Is it to be imprisoned in gaol-like workhouses; or are we to say that charity extended to it now would demoralise its people? It has been found necessary to include it in the purely benevolent operations of the Central Committee, from which it was excluded owing to its being outside the County of London. Probably it may be also necessary in this and similar cases, where the municipality cannot undertake public works through lack of resources, for the central State Department to act more directly than it can do at present in organising labour.

The fear of demoralising poor people by giving them anything but hard work to do has shown itself in criticism of the Christmas Guest Guild. It seems that if a child who has lost its father or mother or both receives an invitation through Mr. Pearson's Guild to spend a fortnight at Christmas outside its own family, it will be introduced to luxuries which will "sap its independence" and make it expect to be supported for the rest of its life without honest toil; and it will implicate any parent it may have in a similar fatal demoralisation. This "grave social danger" is the subject of two letters from Mr. Edward Houghton in our issues of 17 December and to-day; letters which are really the *reductio ad absurdum* of such opinions as

we have been considering. On a simple act of kindness is founded the following extraordinary dissertation. "If the Christmas guests of this Guild are permitted to grow up in the idea that such entertainment is their social due; if they come to make it a matter of creed that the children of the labouring classes should be housed and homed by the well-to-do; if they ever regard the arrangement as anything but a benevolent makeshift, then they will become bad neglectful parents for the next generation." Mr. A. J. Dawson, another correspondent, says this is "preposterous"; it is. One might suppose that the children of the well-to-do were trained in sturdy independence by a rigid rule that they should never receive gifts, or tips, or kindnesses of any sort except from their parents. But who ever heard of a child in any class of life who was not a "cadger" for anything he could get? If we are to have such inferences as Mr. Houghton makes from the Guest Guild, the simplest acts of charity will become impossible. The Guild has simply provided a holiday for poor respectable children in comfortable homes where they can be merrier at Christmas than they would be in their ordinary surroundings. The scheme has worked well with the one hundred and fifty little guests who have had hospitality offered to them; and both hosts and guests have been well satisfied with each other. We think this ought to be enough without any portentous moralisings about matters which will enter into no child's head. Innocent happiness is its own justification; and success in conferring this at the start is a substantial reason for continuing, as is to be done, the Guild's operations in the future. Bogeys of discontent instilled into the child's mind by living for a fortnight in the midst of the luxuries of ducal mansions need not be seriously considered. The Guild has exercised discretion, which some people imagine the charitable never do, and the children are not to be turned into princes and princesses as if they were in a fairy story. They have suitable hospitality; and if they are impressed by anything except that they are having a specially good time it is by nothing that will do them any harm. Mr. Houghton supposes that the hosts may impress "ideals" on their guests: such as "you may be rich some day like me" or "home for home's sake". They are extremely unlikely to do anything except treat these children as they would their own or their friends'; which is the very best thing to do. Very probably the children themselves will see nothing in their temporary surroundings but a change of scene that has no more social significance than a summer trip to the seaside would have. At the most there would probably be such a feeling as most of us have about holidays. We go back to work willingly or because we must; but we never heard of a sane person who renounced holidays of all kinds for fear of their producing unwillingness to return to work. Discontent would however be very certain if nothing were ever provided for us in the way of relief from the daily routine. That is a sort of discontent on which all efforts towards what is better are based. If the Guild's guests should be imbued with this spirit from their visits, it would be the result desired and anticipated by the Guild's founders. In the meantime where is Mr. Loch of the C.O.S.? We have been waiting for his alarm note at this terrible benevolence.

#### "THE BLOATED BISHOPS."

ONE might have thought that by this time the stale old cry of the bishops' enormous incomes would have died down. And to an appreciable extent it has died down. No one who considers such matters can have helped noticing that blackguarding bishops is by no means the attractive diversion it once was. The attitude of the public, and especially of the working people, towards the bishops is in striking contrast to the attitude of the early Victorians. Part of the change of attitude is due to change in the bishops themselves, but not the larger part. In our judgment it is mainly due to the rise of the social as against the barrenly political conception of state action. The working-men were busy for very many years in assisting the Liberal party to bring about purely political changes, curtailing



the rights of the Church, threatening the House of Lords, and giving the people votes. After a time some of the more intelligent workmen began to take stock of the position, and they perceived that, while much Liberal progress had been made, they remained precisely where they were. It was all very nice to be given a vote, but it was not nice to discover that they had been given a vote when they had asked for bread. All the political results they had helped to achieve had done nothing whatever to make their daily life more tolerable. Abusing bishops and lords had done them no good. They would try a different tack. And they turned to questions of capital and labour, of State protection for industry and health, of education, of housing: and they found it a more paying game for them than abolishing the House of Lords or disestablishing the Church. Zest for attack on the Church had cooled down largely from the conviction of experience that precious little of the spoil would ever reach the working-man. The socialists had taught them a much more excellent way. How far a real change of view as to Church and social order assisted the argument of expediency is hard to say. There has been a change of view, undoubtedly, but not so great as might appear. The formerly universal belief that the Bishops and inferior clergy were State paid is now probably confined to quite a minority. The work of the Church Defence and Instruction Committee has not been without result. But there is still a general, if often latent, belief amongst less educated people that our Bishops are enormously overpaid, that their life is luxurious, and that some two-thirds of their income might well be taken from them and given to the poor. And amongst educated men of the world there is still a rather strong suspicion that these highly-paid Bishops do not quite give value for their money, that they are an expensive luxury the Church might renounce without any great struggle; and even some zealous and well-instructed Churchmen think it would be well to reduce the incomes of the bishops, more strictly perhaps, reduce their estate, and give the balance to the poorer clergy. It is evident at a glance that a good deal of such criticism is due solely to ignorance of what a bishop is, of what he ought to do, and of what he does. But with full allowance for ignorance and perversity, there remains a good deal of honest doubt. This doubt we believe the Bishop of London has taken the most practical step possible to meet by publishing a balance-sheet of his year from May in 1903 to May 1904.

We are not afraid of being misunderstood if we say that it seems to us a pity that this statement of account is not formally audited by some well-known firm of chartered accountants. In publishing his balance-sheet the Bishop desires to meet business men on their own ground, he is challenging the caviller and controversialist to take the facts of his income and expenditure and make what they can of them. Would it not have been wiser, then, to do everything in the most approved business fashion, and forestall any suggestion of inaccuracy or mistake? We cannot pretend inability to conceive a baser sort of secularist critic taking refuge from his inability to answer the figures of this balance-sheet in the fact of their being unaudited. There was no duty of course on the Bishop to have his accounts audited, just as there was no duty on him to publish them; but the motive for doing the one was, it seems to us, a motive for doing the other. However, it is only with a comparatively small number that the absence of an auditor's certificate will lessen the effectiveness of the statement.

Even a cursory glance is enough to satisfy the most incredulous that, however large an income £10,000 a year may appear, the Bishop not only makes from it no pecuniary profit for himself, but applies to the cost of living and general management of his household a sum far too small to allow of any but a very moderate régime. Indeed if some of the rich people, who are such glib critics of episcopal expenditure, would check the Bishop's item for "Household Account" with their own, we are sure they would wonder how on earth the Bishop can do it on so little. Fulham Palace is a large place, and a house in S. James' Square is not a trifle. Do any of our recent millionaires run a London house of that class and a place as big as

Fulham on less than £1,679 for the household account? But the millionaire must entertain; rather it is the bishop that must, while the private millionaire may; the bishop has no choice: constant entertainment is incident to his office; just as large contributions to various Church funds are incident to his office, contributions amounting in the particular year to £1,674: almost exactly the amount spent in keeping the house open, to use an old and expressive phrase. Even if we deduct the whole of the exceptionally heavy item of £500 for the schools repair fund, the balance devoted to Church funds stands at well over £1,000, so that if the Bishop receives tithes, he certainly gives a tithe. Then there stands against him the sum of £5,000 borrowed to furnish the two houses on his appointment to the See; this means £135 of income lost in interest. The total result is that personally the Bishop is working at a loss. In order to begin operations he had to borrow a large sum, quite the usual thing on appointment to a bishopric, and from that time he has not been able, though living, as we have seen, in the most careful way, to appropriate any of his income towards reduction of the loan. So far as profit and loss go, he is no better off as Bishop of London than as head of the Oxford House. In saying this we do not wish to fall into the snare many enthusiastic apologists of Bishops spread for themselves, when they declare an archbishop or a bishop to be poorer than he was as a curate on £150 a year. That sort of proving too much is offensive to us, for we have too often heard large employers of labour proving in the same strain that they are not as well off as their men on £1 to £3 a week. A man's public position may necessitate large expenditure and so leave little or no balance at his bank; but the advantages bought by the large expenditure must not be left out of the account. It is absolutely true that the Bishop of London could not do his work without good horses and carriages; but it is equally true that it is much more pleasant for him to drive quietly and rapidly to a meeting or a service than to go there on the top of a tram. It is true that he ought to entertain a great deal, but also it is much more interesting to entertain and have no margin than not to entertain and still have no margin. Of course the Bishop is better off than the curate, other things being equal; but not in the sense of making money. This balance-sheet must in the eyes of every fair-minded man dispose of any lingering suspicion of undue personal advantage. All suggestions of personal luxury and of excessive income, proportionate to the charges incident, are blown to the winds. It is proved that the Bishop does treat his office and the estate attached to it as a trust for the Church. This, we are aware, does not dispose of the other side of the objector's argument that all sorts of needless state are imposed on the Bishop, of which he might advantageously be divested, and the balance thus be set free for other purposes. This is an even more important aspect of the matter than the personal one. In this article we have not space to discuss it, but we propose to do so next week.

#### FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.

(Conclusion.)

IT is peculiar to the fiscal controversy that in the extent of ground it covers, as well as in its far-reaching effects, it passes any other subject in the political arena, indeed any that has occupied the minds of the country during the last two generations. The Home Rule Bill and the Reform Act bit deeply into people's minds, but only of those living within this group of small islands. Almost for the first time in living memory we are asked to think as citizens of an empire, and to carry in our minds the consequences of the adoption of the fiscal proposals not only to Englishmen at home, but to Englishmen the world over. The interests of the empire as a whole are to be considered, not only of the small community at home, few in number yet strong in wealth and counsel and civilisation.

In the choice of subjects which was thus forced on us by the limits of time and space we have not selected those which are generally admitted to favour most the views of fiscal reformers. We have chosen, rather, to

deal for the most part with those subjects which are commonly assumed to favour the followers after free trade. In other cases we have dealt with subjects about which little has been written or said—partly because of the statistical difficulties adequate treatment of them involved, and partly also on account of the inaccessibility of the necessary data. Their importance may be gathered from the fact that we have in this manner anticipated several of the subjects which came to be dealt with in the new "Fiscal Blue Book" issued by the Board of Trade last week.

We are not of those who look upon the United Kingdom otherwise than as a highly prosperous country. We are still first among the nations of the world in the magnitude of our accumulated wealth, as well as in the position we occupy in the arts and industry. Englishmen however are too prone to regard that position as impregnable and unassailable, whereas in the minds of impartial judges and historians these are qualities which can be ascribed to no fortress however strong. Industrial warfare in modern times is carried on with such keenness and determination that in the end the strongest only must succeed. The force of protective tariffs is now such that no nation can stand against it. The "mailed fist" and the "big revolver" are unsuited to modern conditions. If fight we must, we must be prepared to adopt weapons of similar calibre and effectiveness. Only thus may we hope to discover to the world the futility and hopelessness of carrying on a wasteful industrial warfare.

We began by pointing out that while under the system of free imports into this country the national income as well as the national wealth had increased considerably, a comparison with other countries showed that they also had increased their liquid and fixed resources under systems of rigid protection not less, and in some cases more, considerably than we. We could not avoid the conclusion therefore that it was in the highest degree improbable that fiscal policy whether of the British or Continental type could be regarded as the cause, immediate or remote, of this enhanced prosperity. In looking round for a sufficient cause we hit upon the subject of sanitary improvement during the last fifty years, with its consequences of increased longevity, diminished morbidity, and lessened mortality. By estimating the "years of life" which had thus been added to the nation it was found that a very considerable part of the increased wealth of the nation must be attributable to this cause alone. The absence of sufficient data for other countries prevented us from making similar calculations in other cases. It is certain, however, that had they been made, the results attained would not have differed in any material respects. The same influences have been at work on the Continent as in this country tending to increase life and diminish death.

This being so we are next driven to ask in what manner a nation may benefit by the adoption of a fiscal system. The answer is a simple one. Salvation is to be found in the adoption of a policy of some kind towards industry and agriculture. *Laissez-faire*, or leaving things alone, is no policy. The recognition of this defect by the United States and Germany has led to the better and more uniform distribution of wealth throughout the country. The policy of allowing the fittest only to survive, and all but the strongest to go to the wall, must naturally lead to a more irregular aggregation of wealth into the fewest possible hands. Fiscal policy may then be expected to affect the distribution, though not the amount, of the store of wealth in a country. This is its function and highest end.

We proceeded next to examine the question of the changes in the distribution of the population among the principal groups of industries in this and other countries. This is a subject to which a considerable amount of space has been allotted in the new "Fiscal Blue Book". We found by a very careful examination of the occupation censuses of different countries that there was a tendency for the working population in this country to descend to an increasing extent to lower grades of labour in contradistinction from the opposite tendencies observed elsewhere. This was ascribed to the greater immunity from attack which the fixed policy of those countries secured for their working classes.

In connexion with the decline of the agricultural industry—which now gives employment to about 8 per cent. of all males over 20, instead of 24 per cent. in 1851—a danger note was sounded in consequence of the tremendous increase in the dependence of this country on imported, and especially foreign, food-stuffs. Roughly, the results obtained went to show that whereas a quarter of a century ago about 16 per cent. of all our meat requirements, 48 per cent. of wheat, 46 per cent. of butter and 37 per cent. of cheese were imported from abroad, we now derive from similar sources no less than 43 per cent. of our meat, 80 per cent. of our wheat, 66 per cent. of our butter, and 50 per cent. of our cheese. If we add to these such other food-stuffs as tea, coffee, and sugar which are entirely imported, the significance of these figures cannot possibly be overrated.

Another subject which has been very fully treated in these articles is the change in the direction taken by the trade of our colonies in recent years. They have grown in prosperity, but the greater part of that prosperity has been given to, and taken advantage of by, foreign countries. The ties of interest with the mother-country are thus becoming slackened, and the ties of sentiment we fear will follow suit. Everywhere we found that while our own trade with the colonies had increased, or, at any rate, not diminished, their trade with foreign countries had gone up by leaps and bounds. The only gratifying feature is the check given to this greater growth of foreign trade by the "preference" in favour of British-made wares recently adopted by Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. The experience thus obtained leads to the conviction that a more extensive adoption of this principle in the future will effectively annul the advantages thus gained in colonial markets by foreign countries, and will reinstate this country in her natural position.

#### THE CITY.

ONE could hardly expect much fresh business in the Stock Exchange during the past week as the holidays dovetailed between the preliminary arrangements for the carry-over in mining stocks and the general settlement which is just concluded. The usual scramble for money at the end of the year has not been quite so marked and it would appear as though a few of the banks are inclined to a more reasonable policy in respect of the "window dressing" which has been for so long a tradition to be followed at the end of each quarter irrespective of the inconvenience caused to the market: the sign is distinctly encouraging.

The final statistics are not yet to hand as to the comparisons in Stock Exchange values for the year, but those which have just been published reflect the substantial improvement effected by the rise in prices during the past few months. The chief item is the rise of 16.9 per cent. in American railroad securities, and mining shares follow with an increase of 2.9 per cent. The fall of 3.3 per cent. in values of the shares of banks operating in the United Kingdom is very pronounced and is evidence of the few opportunities for the remunerative employment of capital which obtained during the first half of the year—the brighter aspect for 1905 should, however, result in considerably enlarged profits and an investment in certain bank shares at present prices should prove very satisfactory. Colonial bank shares and more especially the South African group have marked a substantial advance.

The movement in the Funds during the past week has been very slight although there has been a better demand for the war loan and Transvaal 3 per cents, which close slightly better. The insurance companies and kindred institutions have taken off the market most of the remaining floating bonds—yielding about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to 4 per cent.—of the colonial governments, and the knowledge that several fresh issues are pending does not appear to have any bad effect. International securities have been without much interest, apart from the fluctuation in Russian and Japanese stocks, the former having declined and the latter having advanced about 1 per cent., reflecting the result of the operations round Port Arthur. Among miscellaneous securities of the foreign railway class considerable improvement has



taken place in the preference bonds of the United Havana Railway, the quotation having risen to 121, a rise of about 7 points during the past fortnight. It is stated that a dividend of 8 per cent. will be paid, and on this basis the bonds should certainly go to the neighbourhood of 135, indeed some persons think that the price will go to 150. Cuban bonds have also been bought on reports as to the general improvement in the affairs of that country.

The increase in the dividend to 5 per cent. as against 4 per cent. last year of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is evidence of a real improvement in the United States and we believe that a similar addition to the dividend of the Baltimore and Ohio Company—to which we alluded in a former issue—will certainly take place: in that event the price of the common stock should gain several points.

Among mining shares the tone is steady and firm. It is understood that several important "deals" have taken place outside the Stock Exchange and for account of the Continental bourses, but there appears to be no difficulty in the formation of syndicates to finance these operations and so long as this means the introduction of fresh capital it is all to the advantage and strengthening of the market.

The opening Stock Exchange account of the New Year is unquestionably most promising and if the pace is not forced and a natural development allowed to take place the result should be satisfactory to all concerned.

#### THE SALE OF THE HAND-IN-HAND.

A CIRCULAR has been issued by the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society announcing the terms upon which it is proposed to transfer the business to the Commercial Union. The record of the Hand-in-Hand for many years past is so good that the natural inclination is to approve whatever the directors and officials recommend, but so far as it is possible to gather the real facts from the vague statements of this circular we cannot consider that the directors are acting in the best interests of their existing policy-holders in selling the business.

We said in a previous article that if the price paid were adequate the directors of the Hand-in-Hand would be justified in selling their superior business to an inferior company; but the circular shows that the price is not adequate though probably it is quite as much as the Commercial Union can afford to offer. The fact is that the Fire business of the Hand-in-Hand is worth a great deal to the Commercial Union and the Life business is worth very little: and the terms offered emphasise this view. The Life offices associated in the Tariff have evidently determined that Fire policy-holders shall not receive such favourable terms as the Hand-in-Hand can afford to give them. Sooner than fight the Fire insurance trust the Hand-in-Hand has curtailed the benefits to the detriment of its policy-holders and for the sake of peace. The society could have fought and won but it has preferred to yield and it has not secured good terms. So far as the Fire policy-holders are concerned the conditions seem adequate. This is doubtless due to the fact that the Fire business is likely to yield a good profit to the Commercial Union. The Fire connexions of the Hand-in-Hand can be transferred without the policy-holders losing very much on any new insurances they may effect, but if the clients of the Hand-in-Hand have any sense at all they will not take out new Life policies with the Commercial Union which as a Life assurance company is a quite inferior office. This company is therefore wise to pay but little for the Life assurance connexion which it cannot hope to retain.

The obvious suggestion is that the Hand-in-Hand would do best to sell its Fire business and continue its existence as a Life office only. Probably the Fire business alone could be sold on terms which would give the Fire policy-holders as good value as they are promised under the present arrangement. In this case the general fund to the extent of more than £1,000,000 would be available for the Life fund and would be becoming distributable, which it is not at present, give

at least as good Life bonuses as the new scheme provides.

It is an open secret that the terms mentioned in the circular are not so good as were originally contemplated, at any rate on some classes of Life policies, and it is a fact that if negotiations with the Commercial Union fell through there are other companies prepared to make an offer for the business. Among them is one which is a good Life office and which could reasonably afford to pay more for the Life assurance business than it can possibly be worth the while of the Commercial Union to offer.

So far as we can judge, after giving the matter the most careful consideration, the best course seems to be to follow the example of other offices and sell the Fire business only. If this is not feasible then see what terms can be obtained from a first-class Life office to which the Life connexion would be of real value. The present terms for Life policy-holders are not such as to justify the extermination of the oldest and strongest of British insurance companies.

#### A SCIENTIST'S ATTITUDE TO IMMORTALITY.

THERE has lately been a good deal of talk about a small book, carrying the great title "Science and Immortality".\* It is a lecture by an undoubtedly distinguished scientist, which is more a homely homily—salutary no doubt but trite—than anything in the way either of philosophy or science. It is unhappily true that most men are not very practically influenced by belief in immortality, but it is hardly the business of a scientist to tell us that. We had hoped that Professor Osler would tell us what is the attitude to belief in personal immortality of the pure scientist who is neither materialist nor theologian, but we did not find it. It is however a very fitting inquiry for this season. So we turned to another scientist, one who occupies a very distinguished post, and put our question to him. Here is his answer in his own words. We withhold all comment, wishing to leave the ground on this occasion entirely free to the man of science:—

What is the attitude of science towards the belief in personal immortality? Sceptical in the main, and not infrequently frankly antagonistic, must be the answer, and this in spite of the latter-day revulsion of many men towards the older paths. The duty which the scientific man conceives to be laid upon him is to give his judgment according to the weight of evidence he can find or even to hold it indefinitely in suspense should nothing arise to turn the scale. Now the scientific man can find no direct evidence for a future existence that is in the least degree convincing, for he will not accept the work of Myers as anything more than an intellectual curiosity, certainly not to the extent of founding a belief on it.

Nor do the usual reasonings in favour of immortality really touch him. The argument from Revelation, the whole scheme of Christian apologetics, moves in a plane that never intersects the one in which the scientific man conducts his thought, so that he refuses even to consider the procedure of the orthodox theological discussion of the point. It is not that he is contemptuous or afraid of the issue, merely that two men talking different languages cannot hope for agreement.

The argument, again, that so widespread a belief, one which has grown in intensity and definiteness with the progress of mankind, cannot be otherwise than an adumbration of the reality, he regards as unjustifiable either historically or logically. It is akin to the other argument that a future life must be because it is never more passionately realised than when the human soul has become exalted to its highest outlook—the argument from the necessity of ultimate perfection which Browning so nobly upheld—

"On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round."

from this too the scientific man turns away, averse.

He sees in it the "personal equation" which he is

\* "Science and Immortality." By William Osler. London: Constable, 1904. 2s. 6d.

always seeking to eliminate; he must distrust any method of reasoning that is liable to be influenced by his own desire for a particular result. Where is the evidence that the utmost stretch of human longing has ever affected the stream of events; Rachel weeping for her children is a story as old as the world's history, has it ever been answered? And when it is asserted that men will refuse to live without the hope of a future world to redress this one, the scientific man can find no historical grounds for supposing that any speculative belief will ever overcome so fundamental an instinct as the will to live. No, he concludes that the arguments for human immortality are untenable; must he therefore disbelieve in a future life? By no means. The only scientific position holds that disbelief is as erroneous as belief, to assert either is to commit oneself to a position which is not only incapable of proof but which cannot even be stated so as to come within the range of the human mind. It is not that the answer to the eternal question is still unfound, no answer is possible, the terms in which the question is set transcend our faculties and yea or nay is equally inconceivable.

But, answers the common man, one or other must happen; beyond the grave must lie either life or death, no alternative is open. The supposed necessity does not follow. What does man know of the reality of things? he is conscious of his own mind and of certain shadow shapes projected thereon, but outside those limits he cannot travel and his mind is not constructed to apprehend any answer from beyond. The scientific man is not unfamiliar with such difficulties; in whatever direction he pushes into the unknown he will soon be faced by a similar contradiction beyond human comprehension. Take the constitution of matter; for convenience matter is regarded as atomic in structure, yet it is inconceivable that the atoms are indivisible, just as it is equally inconceivable that matter is continuous and divisible for ever. Both theories are untenable, it is as illogical to hold one as the other; we have simply reached one of the limits of the mind where no decision is possible. We may hold the atomic constitution of matter as a working hypothesis, and a very useful one it has proved to be, but every thinker knows its inadequacy and that it is a mere reduction into conventional terms of something transcending our experience.

So far then science merely says that any conclusions framed as to human life or death beyond the grave must be wrong; it is not allowable for the orthodox Christian here to step in and argue that since science has disproved all human theories for or against immortality, therefore the way becomes open for Revelation. The revelation has to be made to human beings, for whom the gates are necessarily shut to any messenger from reality. No belief is possible; at the best a working hypothesis can be framed, which like every other hypothesis must submit to be tested by its conformability to experience and by its fruitfulness.

Can science go no further; must the answer remain so unhuman and remote from the springs of spiritual life? Perhaps not. If science has gained anything of late it is a sense of the essential oneness of the universe, of the Immanence of God, if we like to use the older terms. Throughout the widest sweep of space, throughout the whole range of life the scientific man sees but the manifestation of one law, the links in a chain of sequence, whose beginning and end are hidden but on which matter and mind are alike strung. And the deep-down beliefs by which man moves, the dumb passion for perfection, the faltering but continuous effort towards virtue, the reaching out to God, are only other links in the eternal chain. They are facts of observation, as much laws of matter as the crystallisation of a salt solution, and equally bound up with the scheme of things, as far as we can ever know it.

Accept that position, and God is, is everywhere—as much in the sunshine trembling through the young beech leaves as in the busy laboratory or the nameless cruelties and despairs of the crowded slum. Only have faith, not the faith that makes terms and demands immortality as a condition or a right, but faith that accepts and asks neither yea nor nay, sure of being now, as ever, in and of God.

To some men such faith has come, and they claim it to be a living faith. But the orthodox will ask in what respect can such a faith be distinguished from the common indifferentism, the common refusal to look before and after, in easygoing confidence that things will turn out all right—Omar's pot philosophy in fact—

“He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well.”

And the answer is that all faiths must differ with the quality of their holders; the Catholic faith may be one and undivisible, but who can recognise in the beliefs held by the brutal peasant who passes straightway from murder to a Mass the faith of S. Francis and S. Augustine? We must see the fruit among men our beliefs will bring forth before we finally judge of them, and what touches the finer sort may leave others unmoved. Has not the very disbelief in a future world which to some men has meant “Eat and drink for to-morrow we die” been to others the strenuous message—“Work for the night cometh, when no man may work”?

#### JOHN OLIVER HOBBS ON MUSIC.

THE name of Mrs. Craigie is of course perfectly well known to all readers of this REVIEW. Myself, no octogenarian yet, remember quite well her début. Always I admired her liveliness, her readiness. As for her wit—that wit of which we heard so much some years ago—I sought it and found it not. I delight too much in true wit to dream of debasing the term by applying it to mere smartness. In Kensington to be smart is the beginning and end of existence, and all Mrs. Craigie's characters ought to have houses in Kensington. Mrs. Craigie herself is smart, even when she is not writing short novels, but mounts to the high level of a discourse on music. I remember vaguely a heroine of hers in a scarlet frock who played the organ; and I know exactly what the lady did. When she was not plunging about in huge chords, pianistic fashion, on the full organ, she was accompanying a melody on the clarinet by sustained chords on the vox humana, that execrable invention of the devil. Something happened—and no wonder!—but it does not concern us here. Novelists ought not to talk about music, or about literature, or art—these being matters of which they are in general profoundly ignorant.

Mrs. Craigie took it into her head to deliver a lecture on music amongst other things, and in a volume which recently reached me (via the post)\* she has published this lecture and some others. I may say that the volume is beautifully printed on good paper and is a credit to the publisher. Within its small compass Mrs. Craigie speaks of Brahms, Balzac, Turner, Dante, Goya and Botticelli. Her idea is to give to the ordinary work-a-day person a notion of what the life of an artist, or would-be artist, means. She sketches the careers of her various heroes, and I cannot say that at the end one has learnt very much. That the creative artist has as a rule many struggles, difficulties, and generally speaking a deuce of a time—all this we have known for some little time. Indeed I am convinced that we have known too much of this sort of thing—very much more than is true. All the great musicians have not led lives of utter misery. That is a common idea, and, like most common ideas, it is a false one. Palestrina, for example, if he was never rich, was comfortable; Bach also was comfortable; Handel died a rich man; Mozart made a great deal of money, which he promptly spent, and might have made much more if he had been a financial as well as a musical genius. Beethoven was always well off, though he deceived himself into thinking he was poor; Schumann after his early struggles was also well off; Schubert was always poor, and would have remained poor had he lived to be a celebrated man. Chopin lived a luxurious life; Liszt, had he chosen, might have been a millionaire; Wagner ended by being rich, and left his family a theatre, a house, royalties on his operas, which must have brought in immense sums. I give this long catalogue

\* “The Artist's Life.” By John Oliver Hobbes, Author of &c.; London; T. Werner Laurie. 1904.



because this idea of the inevitable poverty of the creative artist wants exploding. Did not Holman Hunt write a bald Life of Albert Dürer, with the main object of showing that an artist is not necessarily poor because he is great? In this many people seem to have performed one of those odd mental somersaults by which they arrive at remarkable conclusions. Because someone is destitute and is known to be guilty of writing verses or music or of making pictures, he is assumed to be a heaven-sent genius; because a man has made a great name it is assumed that he was always destitute.

In her first lecture Mrs. Craigie dwells on this point, the questions she wishes to solve, or at least illustrate, being two: Should anyone be encouraged to become an artist, and What is the best way of treating a youngster who shows an unshakeable determination to become an artist? Mrs. Craigie is herself an artist and she gives the views of the other side thus: "It is easy to understand the alarm of any father when his son or his daughter betrays an overwhelming inclination for poetry, painting, music, or literature. Why, the very love affairs—apart from the money affairs—of any artistic being are the wonder and often the scandal of orderly society. They are generally in debt and always in love: frequently in debt to the wrong persons, and eternally in love with the unsuitable." For the purpose of getting any broad view it would have certainly been better to take, along with three such strong and self-centred personalities as Brahms, Balzac, and Turner, some of the weaker brethren, such as Schubert, Keats, Chatterton—one cannot suggest Goldsmith, for though he had to fight his way he would have been exceedingly fortunate but for his dissipations and follies: as Johnson wrote, when giving Boszoy an account of the unpaid debts left at his death, "was ever poet so trusted?" Although I find the common view of the artist sufficiently ridiculous, yet, on the other hand, if Mrs. Craigie had included a few of the more unlucky she might not have been so optimistic as she shows herself in her concluding sentences. "Art has friends. We have seen that where everything failed and went wrong, the least fortunate artist had faithful, tender friends, some known, some unknown. Browning, to whom I have compared Brahms, wrote—

I have a friend across the sea . . .  
It all grew out of the books I write,  
They find such favour in his sight  
That he slaughters you with strange looks  
Because you don't admire my books.'

There is the artist's life—unending labour, supreme desolation, infinite love." Some of the unlucky ones, however, did not find that the "infinite love" was sufficiently finite or definite to run to half a crown for a meal. Balzac had really a terrible time; Turner and Brahms had great luck. Browning was born rich. Had he been born poor he might never have been heard of.

I have italicised a few words above, because I have headed this article "John Oliver Hobbes", and I must say something on the subject. The comparison of Browning with Brahms startled me; I thought Mrs. Craigie wanted to add a fourth B to Bülow's three—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms; and Mrs. Craigie has fairly outdone Bülow in absurdity. No less intellectual musician than Brahms has ever lived; and if Browning is not an intellectual poet—and I deny most emphatically that he was a poet at all—I would like to know what he is. Brahms had facility, he was precocious, he made himself a great master of technique; Browning had no facility, he was not precocious, he remained to the end a clumsy handler of so simple a device as rhyme. Brahms is full of delicately sensuous effects; there is nothing of the sort in Browning. I am always interested in the criticism of people who know music only from the very outside; and I anticipated something stimulating from Mrs. Craigie. But unluckily she has not chosen to be stimulating: instead, she makes a smart comparison which happens to be hopelessly wrong. A lady, when she writes on music, ought to take at least half the trouble she would take over a hat or a dress; for by so doing she may possibly avoid disaster.

The question of a young man or woman becoming an interpretative artist is one into which there is not enough space for me to enter to-day. I will return to it in a later article.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

#### THE STAGE SOCIETY.

LAST year the Stage Society opened its season with Maxim Gorki's play, "The Lower Depths". This year it chose "The Power of Darkness", Tolstoi's play. Between the two works there is a superficial resemblance. The theme of each is the degradation of the lower classes in Russia; and each is full of hideous and revolting details. So that the critics, for the most part, have been as much shocked by the second production as they were by the first, and have rebuked the Stage Society as frantically now as then. But really the two plays lie on two very different planes. Gorki's play offended me, and the production of it seemed to me a mistake, because it consisted of nothing but its hideous and revolting details. There was no form, no meaning in the thing; and therefore no excuse for it—no effect from it except the effect of purely physical disgust. Tolstoi is different from Gorki in that he is a thinker, and an artist—has something to express, and knows how to express it. To the simple soul of Gorki, and to those simple souls who take an interest in Gorki, a farrago of ugly facts is an end in itself. To Tolstoi this farrago is a means to an end—is but the raw material for a finished product. Gorki snap-shots his wastrels, and, having shuffled the snap-shots together, offers the result as a play. Tolstoi, on the other hand, creates his wastrels, implants souls in them, and sets them moving in the possession of flesh and blood. He sets them, too, in significant relation to one another. They act and react on one another, and are developed from point to point by conflict. That their souls are hardly human, and that their progress is mostly in a circle, is necessary for fidelity to the theme. The characters are alive, and they move, moving in accordance to a set scheme; and thus is fulfilled the main requirement of dramatic art. In the end, the whole play is seen to have been the expression of a fine moral idea. Thus, through our ethical sense, as well as through our æsthetic sense, we are compensated for the hideousness of Tolstoi's material. We have no excuse for being disgusted by it. If we were disgusted during the course of the play, our sense for art has been imperfectly developed; for no art could be finer than Tolstoi's in the presentment of human character; and a proper pleasure in art is a thing quite uninfluenced by art's subject-matter. If we are not uplifted by the final scene, we have yet to develop the rudiments of a moral sense. The Stage Society need not feel at all ashamed of having produced the play. Not they, but the angry critics, should be blushing.

For a critic disgusted by a play's subject-matter, it seems to me a rather strange proceeding to describe this subject-matter in great detail and let his description be printed in order that the public, too, may sicken. Yet that is how the majority of the critics proceeded after the performance of "The Power of Darkness". I am in one way less squeamish than they, but more squeamish in another. By the force of its characterisation, and by the rude skill of its construction, and by the fineness of its purpose, "The Power of Darkness" was saved from physically upsetting me. On the other hand, I would rather not set down in black and white a bare account of what the play is about—a bare account of the things that happen in it. That would be indeed a disgusting process for me, and the result would be not less disgusting for you. As it is impossible to show the fineness of the treatment without describing the subject-matter in detail, I fear I must ask you to take the fineness on trust, and to bear with me while I discuss a side-issue. A side-issue, but not an unimportant issue.

The characters in the play are very many, and not one is colourless or indefinite. But the chance that Tolstoi gave to the mimes was sadly minimised in passing through the hands of the translators—"Louise and Aylmer Maude". The mischief is done now, so far as "The Power of Darkness" is concerned. But, as the

two mischief-makers are, I believe, habitual translators, through whose hands other foreign plays are likely to pass, it may be useful to give them a few hints as to how translation ought to be done, and to wean them from their present mastery of how not to do it. The translator should work ever with this ideal: to use just such words as the original author would have used if he were the translator's compatriot. I do not know the Russian language; but let me assume, for sake of argument, that Tolstoi does (as he is reputed to) make his characters talk naturally, like human beings. The primary aim, then, of Tolstoi's translator, should be to preserve in the dialogue this quality of natural and lively speech. How is this to be achieved? The translators of "The Power of Darkness" would say that this aim is to be achieved only by closest verbal fidelity to Tolstoi's text. The theory is specious. But it ignores the simple fact that Russian idiom is a very different thing from English idiom. And in practice the theory cuts a very painful figure—especially in practice on the stage, where the words have to pass through the lips of live persons trying to behave like live persons. For a dead language must ever result from the translator's grim fidelity to the text. Nay! "dead language" is too dignified a term to apply to such miserable jargon as was wrestled with by the mimes in "The Power of Darkness". We need not the letter, but the spirit, of the original. Give us the letter, and we can but make faint, convulsive grasps at the fugient spirit. Of course, the two translators have not made a verbatim translation of Tolstoi's words. I do not accuse them of that. They are guilty of a worse thing—guilty of the fatal endeavour to find some racy equivalent for every phrase. Russian peasants talk, of course, a dialect that is full of homely slang. So do our peasants. But all illusion of reality flies away when Russian peasants on the stage talk the lingo of English peasants off the stage. Quicklier still flies illusion away when Russian peasants use the vernacular of the Old Kent Road. And not further than the Old Kent Road have fared the translators of "The Power of Darkness" in their pathetic quest for equivalents. "S'elp me", cries a Russian peasant girl, and down on her head descends the shadow of a huge feathered hat. "My word!" ejaculates a moujik, and is covered with phantom "pearlies". "That's flat!" and kindred phrases are banded from lip to lip till the very back-cloth takes on the semblance of the Old Kent Road. Perhaps I wronged the translators in saying that they had confined themselves to that thoroughfare. "It's a cute thing" seems to show that they went so far as the Bowery. Anyhow, they have managed to obliterate every touch of the local colour which they were piously trying to preserve. In future, let them not attempt to reproduce one kind of slang by another kind of slang. Let experience save them, in future, from a mistake from which instinct ought to have saved them at the outset. To suggest the uncouthness of a foreign peasant's speech, a translator must eschew slang, which immediately switches the reader or hearer off to the slang's own locality. This unfortunate reportation is not effected by the use of ordinary, unremarkable English. Of course, there must be no long words, and no literary refinements. Let the Russian peasant speak more or less like an English child, with a plain Saxon vocabulary. Then we shall be able to regard him as a Russian peasant. Our imaginations, in reading the translation, will not be trammelled. In seeing the translation performed on the stage, our imaginations will be helped by the uncouth utterance and bearing of the mimes. In case the present translators are not yet convinced of their folly, I ask them to imagine what would be the effect if the mimes, instead of merely speaking their lines gruffly, were to assume specific Cockney accents. The translators can imagine how fatal that would be—that which is precisely the thing done by themselves.

Not all the performers in "The Power of Darkness" had the right manner for Russian peasants. Miss Dolores Drummond, for example, though she had an admirable conception of her part, and managed her long speeches with a flexibility that would be impossible to an actress of the modern school, was throughout

much too graceful in utterance and in gesture. Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. O. B. Clarence, both of whom played important parts, had acquired exactly the right uncouthness. So, also, had Miss Italia Conti, on whom the main burden of the play rested, and who played her part without rehearsal, script in hand, yet rose full-high to every dramatic opportunity. A striking achievement, this, and possible only to a born actress.

Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan" must have an article to itself. MAX BEERBOHM.

#### SOME GOLFING MEMORIES.—I.

IT may sound surprising that I learned golf in France, though I had looked at it for some five-and-twenty years in Scotland. And the golfer if not born should be caught young, consequently I was never much of a performer. The truth was that in my earliest days, to the north of the Tay, though there were frequented links at Aberdeen and Carnoustie, the game was followed by comparatively few and played in somewhat desultory fashion. Nevertheless, afterwards, when I had made a home in Edinburgh, I saw a good deal of play and players as an outsider. To the south of the Tay it was emphatically the national game, with its enthusiastic devotees among all classes. It suited the climate, for it could be played in all weathers. In winter the fox-hunters might be frozen out for weeks, or the curling stopped by a tantalising thaw. Then one and the other rallied from the disappointment, and betook themselves to the links. In the most depressing downpour I have seen those whom the French call *pères de famille* taking their pleasure manfully and going the rounds, shod with goloshes and under an umbrella. Golf numbered its enthusiasts in all classes. The golden fashionable members of the Caledonian Hunt were no keener than the bare-footed hanger-on of the official caddie, who practised with a crooked stick and a ball he had found or stolen. The "Royal and Ancient" had a rather select confraternity. If memory does not play me false, I became a member in later years, and subsequently, when I paid a visit to the North, saw my name still on a club box in golden letters. Those leading golf clubs and the golf houses at the greater resorts gave occasion for a deal of sociability and conviviality. Every performer of any notoriety could be fairly well handicapped by common report and the veriest muff or "foozler", who envied his skill. On the eve of a meeting there were dinners at the New Club in Edinburgh and elsewhere, where the programme was discussed and matches made up. The dinners were good and the wines unimpeachable, for the cellars in Leith and Edinburgh were famous, and there were no more erudite connoisseurs than the Scottish gentry. When the cloth was drawn, notebooks were brought forth and bets were flying freely about. I think the two most formidable amateurs of my time were Robbie Hay, afterwards Sir Robert, of Hayston, long and lithe as Laurence Lockhart described him in a golf-poem published in "Blackwood", and Godard, a Leith merchant, of more sturdy build. There was little to choose between their play and theirs was pretty much a drawn game. They were typical of two schools. Godard, if he did not regularly train, was in the habit of taking some care of himself by way of preparation. Hay took things as they chanced to turn up, leaving the results to Providence. One night at an hôtel dinner at the Café Royal the odds ran strong in favour of the Leith man: there was to be a New Club ball on the eve of the match, and Hay "declared" to take his dancing and champagne as in ordinary and the early train for S. Andrews next day. It was a close match, but the knowing ones were planted and he came in the winner by a short neck. Of course in making the bets, the character of the course was considered, and S. Andrews with its long drives had an advantage for a man with a reach and powerful swing.

S. Andrews, the chief seat of golfing and mediæval learning, is associated in memory with hilarious dinners and delightful county balls. Men used to club to take lodgings and hospitably entertain. More than once I was the guest there of a select party consisting of John Fletcher of Saltoun, Moncrieff Skene, then of Pitlour, and the cheery Bob Cathcart, all now gone.



The country-side poured in and the old archiepiscopal city was overflowing. But S. Andrews' links had their literary associations as well, when John Blackwood kept open house at Strathtyrum. Strathtyrum was known as the Golfer's Paradise. The host was himself a most zealous golfer, with great coolness and judgment, though never in the first flight, and he gave the links all the time he could spare from his books. Among the habitués of the house were Whyte Melville, father of the novelist. By the way, Lord Eglinton, of the Tournament, the magnificent Irish vice-king, died suddenly at Mount Melville, whither he had come for a golf meeting. Sir Alexander Kinloch and Boothby and Bethune, known familiarly as the "Twa Meejors", were at ease there. Skelton, the "Shirley" of "Fraser", was a frequent visitor, and was known familiarly to his intimates as "the Gercock"; Laurence Lockhart was always much at home with his editor, in fact his *Fidus Achates*, and Principal Tulloch with majestic figure and genial manner used to relax from the pulpit with the clubs. Blackwood had a favourite caddie, Bob Kirk, confidential and loquacious, though, like Scott's Tom Purdie, never taking a liberty, and for Kirk he had a great liking. But there was no one for whom he had greater regard than Tom Morris, who, as he used to say, was the gentleman in all circumstances. In support whereof he told a characteristic story in one of his letters. An old naval man bet Thomas £50 to a shilling that he did not make an almost impossible put, of which this Thomas though doubting had not despaired. Tom made the put and the Captain tendered the money. "Na, na", said Tom, "we were but jokin' and I canna tak' it"; and no more he did, though his fixed income was less than a pound a week. The old-fashioned wooden putter has been almost superseded by iron, in which there are innumerable ingenious inventions, but Tom in his time was famous for his putters of timber—thin and narrow-headed—and the industry survived and flourished again, when ladies' golf clubs came into favour. But each of the rival links forty years ago had its far-renowned professional and club-maker—the Straths and the Parks &c.—who like Harry Smith of the Wynd could well wield the weapons they forged and make money by them twice over.

Scotchmen took the national game very seriously, but they were bred to its chances and constitutionally self-contained and self-controlled. It was generally an imported novice who smashed his clubs and cursed his caddie in a violent outburst of temper. With Englishmen who have taken to golf in later life, with baffled aspirations and the rivalry for cups and championships, there is more ill-temper, and much more swearing at large. I know a clergyman, irreproachable in daily life and fervently impressive in the pulpit, who goes round the holes when off his play, as he generally is, muttering execrations under his breath. I have seen an M.P., an eminent philanthropist, take the wind out of an unlucky dog in the wildest of drives, then objurgate the unoffending animal, which nearly led to a personal fray with the golfer who owned it. But perhaps the queerest case I can recall was on a medal day at Ryde, when one of the finest of English players had started with a friend, a nephew of mine, walking with him merely as spectator. He muffed the first hole, and his companion made some laughing remark. "My dear Ned", was the solemn rejoinder, "we'll do this round, if you don't mind, in perfect silence". When he broke down again at the second hole, there was an explosion, and the thunder roared and growled and muttered for all the rest of the round. He regained his serenity after dinner and then had the grace to apologise.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HOLIDAY VISITS FOR THE LONDON CHILD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Close, Salisbury, Christmas, 1904.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th you kindly made space for certain bald comments of mine on the Christmas Guest Guild. Since then your correspondent—

Mr. A. J. Dawson—has replied with much indignant assertion: while in its own columns the "Standard" newspaper has stated bluntly that "neither Mr. Houghton nor any of our readers need fear for one moment that the little strangers the Guild sends out for entertainment will ever grow to expect such Christmas hospitality as their right". Yet, as all critics must be aware, this is the very point that is being now debated in every London club or country house where the Christmas Guest Guild is mentioned. Actual or potential hosts discuss it with their friends. And the future standing of the Guild—whether as a charitable or as an educational force—largely depends on how far the experiment of the present holidays can henceforth be quoted as a satisfactory answer. It is because it seems that in this way a unique opportunity for social reform will have been seized or missed by 7 January (when the holiday visits terminate) that I venture to presume on your courtesy with a more explicit statement.

I write under correction by all those who are longer experienced than I in dealing with the London poor. But during the four and a half years which have elapsed since I left Oxford I have spent my days in the London Elementary Schools and my evenings in the London slums. In home and street I have watched the influence of the Evening Continuation Schools. Night after night I have listened to the gossip of public-houses or coffee palaces, or sat in Rowton House at table talk with the bachelor artisan. So far I know my London—and particularly do I know the London child with his parents—deserving and undeserving. I should like to reassert—with whatever authority such experience may lend me as an educational critic—that the scheme for the Christmas Guest Guild does indeed involve a grave social danger. It does not stand alone. There are as well the "Daily Mail" "Santa Claus" scheme, the "Evening News" Boot Fund, the Children's Dinner Fund, the Fresh Air Fund, the Country Holiday Fund, the Children's Holiday School—with numerous similar schemes still in embryo. One knows the Christian charity, the efficiency, and the immediate value of all these enterprises. Yet many philanthropists must fear, as I do, that London children (being human though "poor") will grow up to believe that their offspring can be cared for irrespective of their own exertions. May I affirm with all possible conviction and emphasis that the Parental Ideal—the vitality of any nation—is thus being undermined at the exact period of our history when the trend of political opinion and of public sympathy offers special opportunities for duly fostering it in the rising generation.

Happily, the circumstances of the Christmas Guest Guild are such that its promoters should be able to throw all the generous weight of latter-day charity into the other balance. Perhaps the attitude of the hosts to their guests may be adapted to the dangerous old tag "Cheer up, little man—work hard at your lessons, perhaps you may be rich some day". Then I think the harm will have begun. One boy in fifty will go possessed with thrifty ambition. The other forty-nine will grow up with the idea that luxury is happiness. And while, years hence, their own children are being similarly entertained they themselves will hanker for the garish joys of music-hall or tavern. For girls the occasion is, obviously, still more critical.

But if the ideal of "Home for Home's sake" be studiously impressed on the children throughout their stay, then, as it seems to me, they will have received the best possible object-lesson in citizenship: they will be fitted to appreciate such other benefits as they may afterwards receive from kindred societies: they will continue in training for parenthood.

My experience as a teacher of these children leads me to emphasise the importance of what may appear a fine distinction.

Yours &c.

EDWARD HOUGHTON.

### THE UNEMPLOYED AND CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 December, 1904.

SIR,—On every side we hear of relief funds being raised for the unemployed, and against the kindly

motives which prompt the raising of such funds I have, of course, nothing to say. But why are the people unemployed? Because of the rapid increase of our population, side by side, perhaps, with the improvements in machinery, which cause a smaller demand for human attention; there is literally not enough work for those who want it. Relief funds may tide over moments of exceptional distress, but the cause of the distress remains, and the philanthropic assistance of to-day will have to be repeated to-morrow. And all this time Canada is crying aloud for men and women—not for our floating scum, but for men and women prepared to do honest work for their living. Surely it would be better to divert some of the money now devoted to sporadic relief funds to the more lasting remedy of finding people work in Canada and assisting them to get there.

I do not speak without knowledge, though my experience has naturally been on a limited scale. Through lantern lectures and other means I some time ago raised a small Loan Fund, and with this I have since been helping those who desired it, but were without the necessary means, to cross the ocean and seek work where people were wanted. A considerable number, whose references have in all cases been carefully verified, have thus been sent out to Canada, in every case with definite work to go to. The money supplied to them is not a gift, but a loan; and in every case the emigrant has found his or her footing, and is already repaying the sum advanced, which can thus be turned over again.

Ocean rates at the present time are abnormally low, but even if they resume their former level £8 will carry an emigrant, not merely across the Atlantic, but as far as Winnipeg, if desired. Of course it would be well that he should have a little money in hand on arrival. March is a good month in which to arrive in Canada. If any person is disposed to assist in thus finding occupation for deserving people, and saving them from falling upon the rates at home (my funds being now exhausted), I shall be happy to receive and acknowledge any contributions addressed as below, and see that the money is properly used.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
EDITH M. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Cathedine, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Leeds.

#### THE CRITIC AS ARTIST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 Essex Street, Strand, Christmas, 1904.

SIR,—It is well known that your art critic has so nice a sense of etiquette that he will not permit himself to discuss exhibitions with which he is in any way concerned. Therefore am I fearful, Sir, lest no mention be made in your columns of the modern paintings at the new "Dutch Gallery" in Grafton Street. For here, in addition to many other works of infinite beauty and delight, are two of the daintiest imaginable water-colours by Mr. D. S. MacColl: a gracious vision of soft green poplars and a deftly caught corner of Hampton Court Palace.

Some of your readers may have seen these drawings years ago at the New English Art Club, and these will surely be glad to meet them once again. Others may yet have to make their acquaintance and be warned against the folly of accepting as final Lord Beaconsfield's famous—or should I say infamous?—remark anent critics.

And I have the honour to remain,  
Your obedient servant,  
FRANK RUTTER.

#### COMMENCED AUTHOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Technical College, Finsbury,

26 December, 1904.

SIR,—Surely this phrase is good English. In Fuller's "Worthies", p. 332, in the biographical notice of Dr. William Gilbert, author of "De Magnete", I find the following:—"He commenced Doctor in Physick, and

was Physician to Queen Elizabeth." If Fuller's prose is not classical, whose is?

Yours faithfully,  
SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

#### SCIENTIST OR MAN OF SCIENCE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 December, 1904.

SIR,—I notice that you give the hospitality of your columns to the new word "scientist". I must confess that I cannot find any logical reason for rejecting it, but it is a fact that in Oxford men of science have a very strong feeling against the word and it is barred in all official utterances. Is it possible that the reason is that the local papers use scientist—with gross but unconscious satire—to describe all those in the lump who are candidates in the science school? Or is it that Mr. Godley's notorious allusion to "unlettered physicists" has created in men of science an unconscious dislike of the similar and, it must be confessed, less derivatively agreeable word? However, nothing will now keep the word out. Has not even the "Oxford Magazine" adopted it?

I am, &c.  
OXFORD "CLASSICIST".

#### EXAMINATION WORSHIP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Stockwell, 17 Dec. 1904.

SIR,—I think Mr. Faunthorpe has overlooked the fact that I was writing not of existing but of prospective training colleges. However successful existing institutions may be, I feel sure that those students who fail to get into them (as often through insufficient opportunities for study as through deficient ability) would thrive better under an altered system in the newer colleges. Their present efforts to teach and prepare for the Certificate examination at the same time overtax their strength and so in the long run impair their efficiency as teachers to the obvious injury of their pupils. They ought to go to college.

As regards the position of examinations in education may I quote from a letter of mine which appeared in your columns in September 1901? "These tests if taken 'in the stride' of ordinary school work are, I think, useful if for no other reason than to make pupils rely on their own exertions and rise to an emergency." Thus to me examinations are not anathema; I agree with Mr. Faunthorpe that "examination is good per se" but in spite of his suggestion that the motives of those who having profited by examinations yet oppose them is interested—what, may I ask, would be the attention paid to the criticism of the ploughed?—I will add that examinations are harmful when they cease to be educational instruments and become ends in themselves and the measure of a student's ability.

As regards possible inequalities in the value of locally granted certificates I would remind Mr. Faunthorpe that the certificate gained at college is even at present no more than a preliminary to the "Parchment" which the Government issues only to those who satisfy the inspectors that they can teach as well as pass examinations. The "Parchment" is no merely local certificate.

It is a pity that teachers should so distrust themselves and each other. Why should not a teaching body be also an examining body? Does Mr. Faunthorpe know that the German teacher sets—three months before the final examination—the actual questions his pupil will have to answer and that the result of even this test marked as it is by the teacher is modified by the teacher's report on each pupil's work as a whole? Has Mr. Faunthorpe never wished to rearrange examination lists? Has he read the Moseley Commissioners' remarks on the accrediting system and America's freedom from examination, or Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent dictum "More trust should be reposed in the teacher"?

Examination worship is practically confined to England—and China. In the 'Sixties Robert Lowe



objected to teachers "branding their own herrings", and for forty years this phrase has been the text of the authorities and the condemnation of the teacher. But of late the pseudo-perfection of arrested development which was the result of the examination system has been discredited and growth with its consequent dislocation has begun again. The inconveniences of the reawakening are apparent; but we can hardly accept "As you were" as the way out of our difficulties; we regard it rather as a counsel of despair. I, and I believe my fellow-teachers also, whose work Mr. Faunthorpe accuses me of condemning wholesale, maintain that the real remedy is an improvement in training, for the authorities by abolishing examinations in schools and continuing them in colleges have left their work half done. Recent letters in the "Schoolmaster" suggest that teachers are not satisfied with their training—though I must say that I think defects in the pupil-teacher system share with the colleges the responsibility for this state of affairs. These letters also indicate that teachers are anxious to find other methods of work. They must grope, they may stumble, but the relative inefficiency of their work is not due to any desire to shirk their responsibilities as Mr. Faunthorpe seems to suggest; and it is to be overcome not by the crack of the whip but by sympathetic and tactful guidance.

In his last paragraph Mr. Faunthorpe shows that quantity rather than quality is the ideal of the believer in examination. If the pupil is being trained effectively on "I. 47" why trouble about "Book II." until the technical course is reached? Over-pressure results not from insistence on the highest quality of work, but from the endeavour to squeeze a given amount of information into brains of small capacity. The educational point of view was touched upon in your recent article on "Compulsory Greek", but students with an examination before them cannot possibly take this point of view. However scientifically their teachers set about their work the students themselves are almost certain to cram, for, impressed as they are by the importance of the result, they can leave nothing to chance or mere intelligence; memory alone can be relied upon. Did Mr. Faunthorpe learn his Paley from the rhymed edition? Would Mr. Ruskin have welcomed an examination summary of "Sesame and Lilies"? Can a result be very trustworthy which may be vitally affected by a headache, the chattering of superintendents, the luck of the question paper, or the vagaries of the examiner? I do not agree with Mr. Faunthorpe that the three Rs are satisfactorily taught. The number of people who have been taught to read to any purpose may be gauged by the character of the popular press. Writing under the Results system meant the reproduction of a twenty-line essay (the Education Department itself used to limit the amount of writing paper at its teachers' examinations); but I have known boys just out of the elementary school who would write three or four times that number of pages on a big interesting subject. Nor in arithmetic must one expect problems to be worked by every child. Have these subjects then their full significance to the children?

I am afraid that reliance on examinations has its root in timidity. It is safe to pump in and draw off facts but the path of thought is dangerous. The increasing complexity however of the teacher's work demands men who can and will think; men with the courage of their opinions. Whether they are prepared specifically for all sides of their work is relatively unimportant provided that the men themselves are free souled and well developed; indeed overmuch training may weaken their initiative. There is a suspicion of slavery about the examination system which is inimical to the growth of the highest type of character. The Georgian sergeants are reported to have got their men into line by placing their pikes horizontally along the backs of the ranks; such is the action of those who wish for a return to the examination system.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

[We do not think it possible for any intelligent person, who has given the subject of education serious thought, to doubt that Mr. Adkins' point of view is the right one.—ED. S. R.]

### THE POOR SOUL

A POOR soul sought the gate of Heaven.

"Oh let me in", said she,  
"To look upon the spirits shriven,  
And on the Healing Tree—

"The multitude that none can tell,  
Who bitter anguish bore—  
The amaranth and asphodel  
That bloom for evermore!"

But the Angel answered: "Though God's grace  
Be mighty far and near,  
In Heaven for thee there is no place,  
Thou holdest earth too dear!

"Thy ruth was mingled with sharp scorn,  
Thy love with bitter hate.  
Is it to gather grapes of thorn  
Thou comest to this gate?"

The poor soul pleaded: "Though in grief  
I reap my wage aright,  
Yet give me but a single leaf  
From thy great fields of light!"

He looked not on the angel folk,  
Nor on the crystal tide—  
A leaf of amaranth he broke,  
An asphodel beside.

He looked not on the mansions fair  
That for the blessed wait—  
Yet he a crimson rose did spare,  
And hastened to the gate.

To pass Heaven's portal all unmeet  
She stood, the wanderer;  
Howbeit, music clear and sweet  
There floated out to her,

And through the opening gate she caught  
The light ineffable—  
The amaranth the Angel brought,  
The rue, the asphodel,

And gave—and even as she took,  
There faded from her ken  
The radiance, whereon who look  
Shall never fear again.

And none the mystic boon perceive;  
Yet where the journey lies  
Of that poor soul, men cease to grieve,  
And dream of Paradise.

MAY KENDALL

### FOR LE PENSEUR OF RODIN,

TO BE ERECTED IN PARIS BEFORE THE PANTHEON,

Out of eternal bronze and mortal breath,  
And to the glory of man, me Rodin wrought;  
Before the gates of glory and of death

I bear the burden of the pride of thought

ARTHUR SYMONS

## REVIEWS.

## THE COLLECTED SWINBURNE.

"The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Vol. VI. London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 6s. net.

"Swinburne et la France. Essai de Littérature Comparée." Par Paul de Reul. Bruxelles: A. Lefèvre. 1904.

THE last volume of the collected edition of Swinburne's poems has appeared, and we have now before us, in an easily accessible form, the whole lyrical and narrative work of the greatest lyrical poet since Shelley. This final volume contains three books, each published at an interval of ten years; the "Midsummer Holiday" of 1884, the "Astrophel" of 1894, and the "Channel Passage" of 1904. Choice among them is as difficult as it is unnecessary. They are alike in their ecstatic singing of the sea, of great poets and great men, of England and liberty, and of children. One contains the finest poems about the sea from on shore, another the finest poem about the sea from at sea, and the other the finest poem about the earth from the heart of the woods. Even in Swinburne's work the series of nine ballades in long lines which bears the name of "A Midsummer Holiday" stands out as a masterpiece of its kind, and of a unique kind. A form of French verse, which up to then had been used, since the time when Villon used it as no man has used it before or since, for mainly trivial purposes, and almost exclusively in iambic measures, is suddenly transported from the hot-house into the open air, is stretched and moulded beyond all known limits, and becomes, it may almost be said, a new lyric form. After "A Midsummer Holiday" no one can contend any longer that the ballade is a structure necessarily any more artificial than the sonnet. But then in the hands of Swinburne an acrostic would cease to be artificial.

In this last volume the technique which is seen apparently perfected in the "Poems and Ballads" of 1866 has reached a point from which that relative perfection looks easy and almost accidental. Something is lost, no doubt, and much has changed. But to compare the metrical qualities of "Dolores" or even of "The Triumph of Time" with the metrical qualities of "On the Verge" is almost like comparing the art of Thomas Moore with the art of Coleridge. In Swinburne's development as a poet the metrical development is significant of every change through which the poet has passed. Subtlety and nobility, the appeal of ever homelier and loftier things, are seen more and more clearly in his work, as the metrical qualities of it become purified and intensified, with always more of subtlety and distinction; an energy at last tamed to the needs and paces of every kind of beauty.

Has there ever in English been a good criticism of Swinburne? We doubt it, but we can scarcely doubt that the "essai de littérature comparée", printed in the form of a pamphlet as an extract from the "Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles", by M. Paul de Reul, Chargé de Cours at that university, is the nearest approach to an adequate criticism of the fundamental elements of Swinburne's genius that has appeared in any language. It sets out with the intention of considering merely the nature and extent of French influences upon Swinburne: first (after influences purely hereditary) that of Victor Hugo, then that of Baudelaire, then, in lesser measure, that of Gautier, Banville and Villon. "Le distance remplissant un peu l'office des années", says M. de Reul, "je voudrais apporter en cette enquête sur un poète étranger et vivant la même exactitude minutieuse et le même esprit objectif que si le sujet en appartenait désormais à l'Histoire". And it is with just such minuteness and exactitude that the examination is made, an examination which shows Swinburne following with reverent emulation, but never imitating, Hugo; influenced at a certain moment, but influenced superficially and in subject rather than in form, by Baudelaire; and, finally, influenced slightly in form by the poets of the "Parnasse contemporaine", and by the cult of Villon which they did so much to revive in France and in England. And from this minute and unprejudiced examination, conducted with full knowledge of every

detail of the work of French and of English poets, what we chiefly realise is the originality, independence, and indeed wholly unique character of the genius of that English poet whose pride it has always been to protest:

"Not that in stranger's wise  
I lift not loving eyes  
To the fair foster-mother France, that gave  
Beyond the pale fleet foam  
Help to my sires and home."

In his study of the parallel elements in Hugo and Swinburne, their love of the sea, of liberty, of children, M. de Reul distinguishes very aptly between the characteristics of the one and of the other: "Victor Hugo voit, Swinburne entend et vibre. . . Victor Hugo pontifie, Swinburne s'abandonne. . . Swinburne est hypnotisé par la carrière de Hugo. Il se trouve sans cesse ramené dans son orbite, attiré, guidé comme par un phare. Il le suit à distance et comme Dante se retournait sur Virgile, cherche des yeux son approbation." He analyses acutely the work of the three poets of the nineteenth century who "achevent d'annexer à la poésie l'empire illimité de la mer", Heine, Hugo, and Swinburne. "Le poète anglais . . . rend son émotion, les mouvements de son cœur, et peint avec le rythme plutôt que par l'image. Ainsi naissent ces vers immenses, houleux, vallonnés, dont il semble que nous voyions comme des dos de lames, courir les syllabes dans un mouvement de poursuite éternelle et de chaîne sans fin qui déferle avec un bruit de cataracte. . . Ce moderne, ce raffiné, cet esthète qu'on appelle un 'décadent', montre en son amour de l'eau salée l'âpreté, l'énergie, la violence d'un primitif qui se sentirait l'âme encore nue, voisine des éléments". And, in an admirable defence of the poet against those "pauvres épilucheurs, atteints de surdité poétique" who have distinguished in his poetry nothing but "a song of little meaning though the words were strong", he points out that the meaning of it is not to be found in a doctrine "comme ce que vous intitulez pompeusement philosophie de Tennyson, philosophie de Matthew Arnold", not in anything stated in words, but in the verse itself, "il s'émane de l'accent du vers, s'élance comme une flèche du tremblement de la strophe, ou se dégage comme un halo du silence qui suit. . . Swinburne arrive donc, par la grâce du rythme, à la vision transcendante, à la divination métaphysique. L'Absolu ne se manifeste à lui que sous les espèces du Nombre et de la Musique. Son Dieu se chante". No more admirable defence, no more admirable definition, has been made of precisely that quality in Swinburne which is most obvious, most deceptive, most essential. But M. de Reul's study should be read as a whole. It is a serious contribution of French scholarship to the study of English literature.

Nor is it without importance that we should find this sanity and subtlety, this rightness of judgment, in a French critic, when, in our own country, we have seen within the last few days a serious English scholar descend to the abuse of one of our few living men of genius in the defence of one of our many living men of talent. In the "Westminster Gazette" of 20 December Mr. Churton Collins has an article of more than two columns on "The Collected Works of Mr. William Watson". With the main substance of that article we are not here concerned. We do not disparage Mr. Watson's work, and we hope Mr. Collins' praise will not create a prejudice against him, as, if taken seriously, it might do. If Mr. Collins believes Mr. Watson to be "as fastidious an artist as Petrarch and Milton, as Gray and Tennyson", it is interesting to know that he finds support for his belief in the "felicitous correction" of "And the æons went rolling" into what now "most happily takes its place", "And æons rolled into æons". If he believes that "it was a bold thing to challenge comparison, not as an imitator but as a rival, with the 'Ode to Autumn' and to have produced a poem which the world will be as loth to lose as Keats' masterpiece"; if he believes that "beside Keats' Ode stands 'Autumn'", Mr. Watson's frigid, sapless, and elegant "Ode to Autumn", can it be of much consequence what else he believes or disbelieves in matters of poetry?



But it may be pointed out, as a matter of literary manners, that the references in this article to the "most prodigally endowed of living poets", to the "malodorous and noisome abysses into which his Puck has led him", and the solemn assurance that he will have "infinitely more to fear from sifting time" than the writer who, after many years, has improved the line

"When invincibly rushing in luminous palpitant deluge"

into the line

"When irresistibly rushing in luminous palpitant deluge",

are, to say the least, among the things that "people don't do", as they say in "Hedda Gabler".

#### "A BIG BAD BOOK."

"Great Captains: Napoleon." Vols. I. and II. By Theodore Ayrauld Dodge Bt. Lieut.-Colonel U.S. Army. London: Gay and Bird. 1904. 18s. net.

NO one can doubt the great initial advantages which an experienced soldier, endowed with the historical instinct, possesses over a civilian in the writing of military history. Napier, Jomini, Clausewitz and Von der Goltz, as actors in great military enterprises and as thinkers on war, speak with an authority to which no layman, however gifted, can lay claim. But in this department of history, as in others, expert knowledge, however valuable, must remain complementary. The first condition of success is that the writer should possess the training and aptitude of an historian; and the many inferior works by military hands demonstrate that even long and varied experience of war cannot fill the place of literary skill and of a sense of historic proportion. Never have we come across a more remarkable illustration of this truth than in Colonel Dodge's book.

Colonel Dodge, we understand, is a veteran of the American Civil War, and already responsible for nearly twenty volumes of military history. His principal works have taken the form of five histories of "Great Captains", beginning with Alexander and ending with Frederick the Great. His last venture is an account of the campaigns and methods of the First Napoleon; and these two volumes carry the narrative as far as Tilsit. If the present work is a fair sample of his earlier achievements we are obliged to conclude that his contribution to military literature has been one rather of quantity than of quality.

Anyone who undertakes at this time of day to write another history of Napoleon must submit to be tried by an extremely high standard. The best military brains of a century have been busy with the amazing achievements of that amazing man; and the result has been an accumulation of ideas and material unequalled in the history of war. Nearly every place in the military library has been filled; and the enthusiastic student must recognise that only profound research or brilliant mental equipment can justify a new invasion of so well worn a field. Colonel Dodge has neither profound research nor brilliant ability. He has nothing new to tell us; he merely repeats in a manner very inferior what has already been said by his predecessors. "A big bad book", to borrow a phrase of Macaulay's, is the only description that we can apply to the result of his long and conscientious labours. It is neither an essay, like that of York von Wartenburg, nor a detailed work like that of Archenholz, nor a good general history like that of Professor Rose. It lacks the brilliancy of Thiers, the picturesqueness of Alison, the solidity of Lettow-Vorbeck, and the insight of Clausewitz. But for the fact that the tale he has to tell is one of the most wonderful in human story Colonel Dodge's history would be as dull as it is unsuggestive and superficial.

One of the first requisites of a book of this kind is that it should be readable; and we do not think we ever met with a work so ambitious and so poorly written. It lacks arrangement and lucidity. It exhibits hardly a sign of ordered composition, of a sense of rhythm or of verbal appositeness. The phrasing is as loose and ungrammatical as that of a third-rate news-

paper. "The true flavor of his own burning genius" is a fine example of mixed metaphor. The Reign of Terror is described as being "in full blast"; Napoleon judges it wise "to draw the temper of the Divine pontiff"; a battle is "of the heartiest description". The theatre and the ticket-office disgorge their linguistic treasures at the bidding of this curious writer. We learn "that the defensive was no part of the First Consul's make-up" and that "Ney was booked to march to Innsbrück". A general "revamps his imperiled right". The qualities of the French soldier are summarised thus:—"Given the conditions that suit his temperament and he is a wonder". At a certain crisis we are told that "speed was of the essence"; at another that "insurrection was on the cards"; later on that "Napoleon's dominance was unequivocal". After such departures from the ordinary rules of grammar and taste the misuse of single words cannot surprise us. "Blockade" takes the place of "blockage" (possibly a printer's error); "waked" appears instead of "woke"; for "reconnaissance in force" is written "forced reconnaissance", and for "analysis" "dissection". We suppose that it is to the author's admiration for Frederick the Great that we owe such hideous Teutonisms as the "all-but failure at Marengo", "to go lost", "to oversee" instead of "to superintend"; we must search the pages of *Ally Sloper* for a parallel to his opening reference to the King as "Frederick the Only". Further on armies "enthuse"; and Napoleon bids one of his subordinates "have a heed". But the best instances of our author's verbal peculiarities occur in his translations of the Emperor's despatches. There is a touch of Sam Weller about "a very capital omission"; he was, so far as we can remember, the last distinguished personage who put "werry" and "capital" together. Napoleon writing to Josephine wishes her "a thousand amiable things everywhere"; and we have scarcely recovered from our bewilderment at the all-pervading nature of his marital affection, when we find him telling Talleyrand that he "will fall over backwards when he learns that M. de Novosiltzov has proposed to unite Belgium and Holland". But Colonel Dodge has his own conception of the dignity of history. He becomes uneasy lest Bonaparte's tumble into the mud at Arcola should diminish his hero's renown; and solemnly assures us, on the word of an old soldier, that all is not glory in war and that "the gallantry on both sides was far from inconsistent with the prosaic incident to the commanding general". Shades of Artemus Ward and Parkman! That such an avalanche of ponderous dulness should fall from a veteran of the Potomac!

Unfortunately Colonel Dodge's faults of style are not counterbalanced by the value of his material. This is not the place to discuss the judiciousness of his choice of "Great Captains"; but we confess we do not understand why Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Frederick and Napoleon should without challenge take precedence of Epaminondas, Turenne, Eugene, Marlborough, Wellington, Moltke or Lee, unless on the score that (with the exception of Hannibal and Cæsar) they wielded the whole force and policy of their respective states as absolute sovereigns, and therein found a scope for their genius wider than was ever vouchsafed to the great soldier-subjects. But, if this be so, one would naturally expect that Colonel Dodge, as the chronicler of Napoleon, would have placed "policy" in the forefront of his history, and would have brought into full light the close connexion between the Emperor's diplomacy and military strategy. Yet never once do we obtain a clear and complete view of the policy of which the grand army was so powerful an instrument; and one of the most remarkable manifestations of Napoleon's genius, the success with which he contrived to divide his enemies in the cabinet as well as in the field, is almost entirely overlooked. Indeed, the political disquisitions form by far the worst portion of a radically weak book. The author's treatment of Napoleon's relations with England is utterly inadequate, his remarks on the D'Enghien and Palm incidents are puerile. He seems to be one of those people who think that war can be regarded as an independent game and handled satisfactorily apart from

politics. This tendency to divorce war and politics, the army and the nation, is the weakness of all military text-books; and is certainly present in the works of Jomini, whom Colonel Dodge is always too ready to follow.

The true perspective lost, it is hardly surprising that his treatment of Napoleon as a strategist and tactician is ineffective. The first requisite to the comprehension of the Emperor's system is a grasp of the economic, social and political changes that were in operation between 1763 and 1792. This Colonel Dodge seems to recognise, but his management of the subject is confused and incomplete; and, as elsewhere, he is dominated by the form rather than by the spirit. The nationalisation of armies, carrying with it a vast increase in numbers and in moral force, was the real change effected by the French Revolution; the question of shallow and deep orders of battle, as the Archduke Charles was quick to recognise, was not the essence of the matter. This increase of moral and material strength, coupled with the remarkable adaptability of the French conscript, was the main tactical cause of the Revolutionary victories. His leaders fought as they could and when they could, they used all kinds of formations; and their choice was determined by the circumstances of the moment or by the varying quality of their troops. Their strength lay in their disregard of obstacles and in their freedom from stereotyped systems. Napoleon worked on the same lines. He never issued a drill book. He merely told his marshals to practise themselves in the management of large masses of all arms; and left the minor tactics to the initiative and resource of his corps commanders and their subordinates. The question of line and column was a matter of morale and of ground. The skirmishing powers of the Light Division were at least as important as their fire in line, as Napier pointed out in his letter on the Volunteer movement of 1848. All forms in war are based on the qualities of the troops engaged; and at their best period the French infantry fought almost as much in line as in column. Their ultimate defeat was primarily due to their decline in quality, not to the formations which that decline rendered necessary.

The same confusion of spirit and form is noticeable in Colonel Dodge's comments on strategy. From his way of writing one would almost conclude that Napoleon was the first to strike at an enemy's line of communications, the first to realise the value of interior lines and of concentration on the field of battle; and that concentric or convergent strategy was in its nature fatal to success. Yet, as a matter of fact, the final marches towards Ulm and Jena, which our author praises so highly, were of a concentric nature, just as were those which led to Pultusk and Golymin, and later on to Abensberg and Landshut and Bautzen. Some of these operations were successful, some failed; and the success or failure was due, not to the geometrical form, but to the varying degrees of accuracy with which the Emperor judged his enemy's whereabouts and intentions, the speed of his concentration and the energy of his subordinates. In the same way, owing to variation of the conditions, he was successful in his use of interior lines in 1796 and unsuccessful in 1813 and 1814. We would recommend Colonel Dodge to refer to his Clausewitz. In the opening chapters "On War" that great writer allots just one short paragraph to the "geometrical element" of strategy. All the rest he devotes to the consideration of the moral and material factors which decide the fate of armies.

It is not our business to inquire into the causes of Colonel Dodge's failure. But one thing at least is clear. He has confined himself too closely to the French point of view, and as a consequence has generalised on too narrow a basis. With the exception of the Prussian army, on the causes of whose downfall every author good, bad and indifferent has expatiated at length, he has not sufficiently examined the characteristics of Napoleon's other opponents. One would never guess from his accounts of 1796 and 1805 that both Mack and Beaulieu were grievously handicapped by want of equipment and supplies, and that the internal state of the Austrian armies was unsatisfactory in every way. Yet it is just on these factors

that the value of an army depends; and it is by their presence or absence that a general must be judged. Mack's relation to his staff, to his Government, to his divisional leaders are practically unnoticed. The various subordinate generals, even the French marshals, are lay figures, and the want of information on points of personality is in no way supplied by the crude illustrations with which the book is peppered from end to end. Nor do the accounts of the different campaigns relieve the general dullness of the narrative. They are as bald and superficial as the chapters on interior organisation and management. It is curious that a man of Colonel Dodge's antecedents, who has seen war and known its hardships, should have so little to say about the working of that friction which hampers the operations of all armies and often reacts so seriously upon their commanders. Described, as he describes it, war appears a simple art. We get no sight of the difficulties that blur and complicate its plainest issues, no sense of the moments of doubt and anxiety which shake the most undaunted composure. The author has, in fact, written a rather elaborate précis of each campaign; if the rather commonplace reflections were deleted, the practical results would not greatly exceed in bulk the sketches of Hamley. We have never believed in history in outline. No serious student will ever be satisfied with the mere surface movements of events, especially in the case of a period so rich in material and in original work. In military history, moreover, details possess a greater degree of importance than in other kinds of chronicle. It would be unreasonable to expect a really full treatment of every campaign. But it is certainly desirable that the sequence of events should be closely followed, and the interaction of policy and preparation, and the influence of hostile action should be clearly watched and marked. The development of a strategic design is generally slow. Take for instance the march through the Thuringian Forest in 1806. This appears at first sight the simplest of all Napoleon's campaigns; and yet the practical development of the general plan was anything but uniform. There seems no doubt that at one time the Emperor expected a Prussian attack on the line of the Main and took elaborate preparations to meet it. This defensive phase is not noticed by Colonel Dodge, who assumes from the first that Napoleon contemplated an offensive movement culminating in the turning of the enemy's left. The Jena campaign is a particularly instructive example of the niceties of strategic deployment; and Napoleon's preparatory movements were, as General Bonnal has shown, most carefully and elaborately conceived. Their importance is overlooked because Colonel Dodge, in the light of after knowledge, fails to realise Napoleon's point of view at the beginning of the campaign. In this instance, as in others, he is content to follow the footsteps of his predecessors; and here, as elsewhere, he fails to give us a true picture of war because he does not keep a close enough hold upon events.

For all these reasons, then, we cannot recommend this book as a history of the first part of Napoleon's military career. It cannot in any degree be regarded as supplying that want of a really adequate and exhaustive appreciation of the great soldier, which has long been a reproach to English military history. Alison is of course out of date; Hamley does not profess to write detailed history, and the other works on Napoleon make no special study of his military system. The mass of fresh material unearthed in recent years is only accessible to readers of French or German. It is greatly to be hoped that at no distant date some successor of the late Colonel Henderson will provide us with a work worthy of the theme.

#### PROFESSOR MOBERLY'S CONTRIBUTION.

"Problems and Principles." By the late Robert Campbell Moberly. London: Murray. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

ENGLISH readers dread both problems and principles, as involving abstract discussion. Dr. Moberly, however, attacked really burning questions from a point of



view] at once lofty and persuasive. He is often as subtle as Gladstone, but, being given an equal latitude of elbow-room, he is very much more lucid and illuminating. The Church of England lost by his death, in middle age, one of her few deep theological thinkers in an age of bustle and short cuts. Mr. R. B. Rackham has done us a service by bringing together these thirteen papers in one volume.

In view of recent attempts at Oxford to alter the basis of the Honour Theology School we are especially grateful for the third, a sermon preached before the University ten years ago when the change was first threatened. What was disguised last May as a heated wrangle over a trumpety detail involved really a profound question of principle, wholly unfitted for debate in a tumultuous gathering, as to the meaning of *theologia*. Is theology an impartial study of cults and religious phenomena, an investigation of documents and institutions, in which Christianity is to stand on exactly the same level as totemism; is it, in fact, a branch of inductive inquiry, a gradual edifice built up slowly on tentative conjectures and patient research towards some far-off goal of remote certainty; or is it essentially deductive, marshalling and drawing out the consequences of the actual manifestation of an historic Life, accepted as Divine? What Dr. Moberly had to say about this can hardly have been present to the minds of the people who too hastily assumed that theology means comparative religion, and so demands no starting point of faith in either examiner or examined. Moberly on the other hand contended that "there must be such a thing as an orthodoxy if there is to be a theology". Criticism, no doubt, has a preliminary and useful work to do. But the presupposition of theology is necessarily the revelation of a Person in history, apprehended by the illuminated intellect and conscience of the Church. The student who acknowledges neither Fact nor Claim views religion from the outside, whereas it can only be studied scientifically from within. "Do not", he says, "be taken in by the shallow fancy that mental indifference is higher intellectually than surrender, independence than devotion, or that the rôle of all-tolerating indifference is possible to the Christian theologian".

The most suggestively and most fully discussed subject in this volume, and the one in which we most agree and most disagree with the writer, is Church and State. To glance at our disagreement first. Dr. Moberly was rightly anxious that "Church defence" should not get identified with mere party conservatism, that it should not ignore the complexity of the problem under modern conditions, or assume that in no circumstances ought a loyal Churchman to desire disestablishment. The Tractarians at one time almost demanded it. But then they did so because of their lofty views about the sacredness of the union between religion and government, a union degraded by Whig Erastianism, and they spoke vehemently of national apostasy and sacrilege. Moberly asserts, however, that the question is merely a political, not a religious, one, and that it is no concern of Churchmen as such, but only as citizens. He does not merely mean that the loss would be the nation's, not that of the Church. But he says that the Divine claim of Christianity does not impose any *a priori* obligation on a nation (supposed, the argument requires, to be in the main united in religion) to recognise it in its laws or not to recognise it. This Keble and the Tractarians would have strenuously denied. Dr. Moberly himself, elsewhere, admits that something more than withdrawal of temporal "privileges" is involved, and that there must be "very much loss"—only this is to regard the matter too much a *parte hominis*—"in the throwing away of the national homage towards God, the national corporate acknowledgment of the Church of Christ". He urges that the secular Macaulay doctrine "degrades enormously the whole conception of the nature and function of government", ignoring its "ideal and sacred side". And in another paper on "The disastrous effect of legalising marriages which are sinful" he says that "it is humiliating to think of the national wrong which will be committed if, as a nation, we adopt a standard of marriage laws inconsistent with that of Christ's Church". But where is the Oxford logic here? If no

abstract right or wrong is involved in the disestablishment of Christianity, it must be a merely political question whether the Christian law of marriage is left incorporated in the statute book or no. The Regius Professor was the last man to admit that, the historic Church being cast off by the State, the State might without injustice keep a residual undenominational establishment. We have never seen the undenominational sham so mercilessly exposed as in this book. But what then? There is some mixture of the ideas as there is of the pages—pp. 145-160 having by a binder's freak strayed out of the "ecclesiastical" into the "theological" section in our copy. Liberationists also may reasonably make some use of the Professor's discussion of Church endowments.

We have left ourselves little space to express our thorough agreement with Dr. Moberly's closely-reasoned exposure of popular fallacies as to the meaning of "Establishment"—if that word can be applied to English Church and Realm. In theory establishment means the conferment by law of liberties, not the taking them away, the legal recognition, in fact, of a corporation's internal legislature and judicature. In Scotland the spiritual courts are subject to no control from the civil tribunals, and, if Tudor words had any meaning, this was to be the case in England also, as aforetime. If under the old Christian idea of anointed kingship there is in any sense an appeal to the king personally, the sovereign must not be confused with his courts for civil causes, still less, as in the modern idea, with Parliament. The point, of course, has been often urged; but Moberly defends it with extraordinary incisiveness and wealth of citation not only against the Erastian lawyers but against High Churchmen who have tamely surrendered to current formulas. The same vigorous independence of constructive and destructive criticism runs through the whole of this collection of papers. We wish Professor Moberly were with us to help the Church of England through the thicket of difficulties before her. For problems we want principles, not mere adroitness.

#### FISHES AND THEIR ALLIES.

"Hemichordata" by S. M. Harmer; "Ascidians and Amphioxus" by W. A. Herdman; "Fishes" by T. W. Bridge; "Fishes (Systematic of Teleostei)" by G. A. Boulenger. Vol. VII. of the Cambridge Natural History. London: Macmillan. 1904. Price 17s. net.

IN this volume the idea that seemed to underlie the volumes of the series already issued has been departed from, and natural history has been interpreted in the severely scientific senses of morphology and classification. Mr. Harmer's chapter on the Hemichordata might have been taken down verbatim from some admirable course of lectures on zoology, addressed to senior students; it is clear and exact, with excellent if somewhat familiar diagrams, and includes the latest theories from the "Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science". Armed with this volume, the cunning student will be able to "cut" at least five lectures, and possess better notes than had he not defied tutorial vigilance. Professor Herdman must have been driven hard by his editors, for he is notoriously a naturalist who goes down to the sea in a boat, and who knows about dredging and trawling, the life of things that drift with the tides, that burrow in the mud or cling to the rocky shores. He has succeeded in showing that he too can be a laboratory naturalist, expert with the microtome, learned in classification, and with an eye to the latest memoirs. But he has missed or been made to miss a great opportunity; the natural history, in the popular sense of the phrase, of the salps and sea-squirrels would have formed a subject of unusual fascination and that could have been handled with special sympathy and knowledge by Professor Herdman.

The table of contents itself reveals the laboratory naturalist rather than the observer of living things, for although perhaps a majority of zoologists would agree that balanoglossus, ascidians and their allies are lowly relatives of vertebrates, it would not occur to most writers to associate them with fish in a popular volume.

When the association had been decided on, the editors would have done well to include a short but popular account of the theories of vertebrate ancestry. The perfunctory explanations given are too technical for the general reader and insufficient for the expert.

The greater part of the volume is occupied by Professor Bridge's admirable account of the anatomy of fish. We could have wished that he had treated the subject more in the fashion set by Dr. Gadow, who although a very learned anatomist, contrived to clothe the skeleton of his volume on "Amphibia and Reptiles" with facts that could have been got together only by one who had made friends with the living creatures. None the less, as an anatomical treatise, Professor Bridge's section is interesting and valuable. Except for Mr. Bashford Dean's little book, there is no treatise on the anatomy of fishes that attempts to cope with the recent extensive additions to knowledge that have been made by Professor Bridge himself and his pupils and by many other workers. Information derived from study of fossils is placed in its proper position, and the student will find the treatise a useful introduction to laboratory work. Here and there, too, occurs matter of interest to less laborious readers. The section on colouration contains also much that is curious. Most persons who know fish only from the pale ghosts of museums are ignorant of the vivid hues and gaudy patterns that deck the inhabitants of the seas. We have often wondered that designers of stained or painted glass should not have turned to the sea for inspiration. Some such persons might do well to begin with a glance at Professor Bridge's account, pass to the coloured plates in Saville Kent's folio on the Great Barrier Reef, and then turn to the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum, where Professor Ray Lankester, with the aid of paint and appropriate backgrounds, has made the beginning of an attempt to exhibit fishes as they appear before alcohol and light have faded their living colours. Although a good account is given of the organs of digestion, the author and editors have practically omitted reference to the food of fishes and the mode in which it is obtained. The subject is interesting in itself, and in its relation to the habits, organs of sense and distribution of the creatures, and certainly not outside the scope of a volume of natural history. An omission even more surprising is the exclusion of information as to fishes as food, and of the migration of fishes and its relation to fisheries.

The section on classification is carefully done. Professor Bridge follows recent opinion in separating the lampreys and hagfish from true fish, and in doubtfully according to them the name of fish at all. We do not notice, however, that he deals with Dohrn's suggestion that they are links in a chain of degeneration by which the sea-squirts may be connected with true fish, not as ancestors but as degenerate descendants. The systematic account of the bony fish (Teleostei) has been left in the competent hands of Mr. Boulenger. These form the most modern group of fish, comparable perhaps with perching birds in the vast variety of form within narrow anatomical limits, and in the large number of species and genera. Mr. Boulenger is himself the most modern authority on the group, and as his own work has been scattered in separate treatises, systematists will be glad to have it before them in so convenient a form. But alas for the mutability of systems! It appears that Mr. Boulenger wrote his chapter in 1902, and yet the editors in their preface have to apologise for the delay, as in the interval "several independent workers have been occupying themselves with the subject".

#### THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

"An Inquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel." By J. Drummond. London: Williams and Norgate. 1903. 10s. 6d.

SO much is written and from so many points of view concerning S. John's Gospel that we have reason to be thankful when a competent scholar reviews the literature of the subject down to his own time. It is a

formidable task, not only from its extent but because the writer must overcome a natural repugnance for so trite a field and must have his doubts whether his readers will have patience to follow him as he plods through the immemorial citations from Papias and the presbyters of Irenæus. But Dr. Drummond has not had to face it in cold blood. The Gospel has been one of his subjects of lecture for many years, and his lectures, which he has carefully brought up to date, are well worthy of publication. We may wonder, perhaps, when we call to mind some of the speculations published under their auspices that the Hibbert Trustees should have concerned themselves with arguments so sober and results so conventional as those of Dr. Drummond. His whole manner of thought and expression is, indeed, as impressive a protest against light-hearted guesswork on serious subjects as his outspoken condemnation of the loudest school of criticism in our day. Valuable as the book is for its contents, its witness on behalf of sanity and modesty is of even greater worth. And it is urgently needed. German assumptions and conjectures are being accepted with pathetic seriousness and imitated with more or less dexterity by students whose apparent standard is not the intrinsic reasonableness of their propositions but the difficulty in which, should they prove to be true, they will involve the adherents of an older belief. Dr. Drummond is as trenchant in his dealings with such critics as was Mr. Burchell in the "Vicar of Wakefield". If they are overbearing, like Volkmann, he reminds them that "when critics begin to bully, ordinary mortals are apt to suppose that their argument is not of much weight". And no friendship could be more candid than that which urges them to "accept an explanation which is founded upon what we know, instead of resorting to the boundless field of conjecture, where the severity of scientific study is in danger of being sacrificed to the facile pleasure of piling up shifting and unsubstantial hypotheses". This is indeed wholesome doctrine for the coterie of the emancipated, who would do well to scrutinise more closely the credentials of the school they are following. That school is living upon its reputation in the past, and that reputation is based upon the just renown of Germany in the last generation for classical scholarship. Historical theology is inseparably connected with the study of the classics, and the standard of excellence in both rises and falls simultaneously. There are at present grave symptoms, in slipshod work and reckless argument, of decline in the once great school, the school of Lachmann, of German scholarship, and the same weakness is inevitably spreading to the cognate study. Yet this time of decay has been chosen by some English students for their special admiration, and it is precisely the morbid characteristics that they are eager to imitate.

Dr. Drummond has one great safeguard in his consistently historical method. Philosophers, however candid, are as little at home in this domain as the lawyers, and Dr. Drummond is constrained to part company with Dr. Martineau, whose philosophy or psychology overpowered his sense of probability. Philosophical prepossessions, in fact, are at the bottom of half the difficulties raised about the Gospel; if they were banished from the mind the critics would cease to flutter, like moths whose wings have been singed, around the problem. Though certainty has been growing ever more certain since the discovery of the Diatessaron, the fascination continues; but we may reasonably hope that for a while we shall hear little about the authorship. There remain abundant matters for debate in the contents of the Gospel, and Dr. Drummond has his own difficulties to encounter. S. John in his judgment is the author, and is none other than the beloved disciple. But we are told that he is the interpreter, not the photographer nor, in the modern sense, the historian of his Master's life. This, no doubt, solves many difficulties; we are not tied to the evangelist's sequence of events, nor troubled because we cannot detect the exact point where speech assigned to Christ ends and S. John's reflection upon it begins. But there are narratives in the Gospel so important and so characteristic that the whole, as it has always seemed to Christian people, must stand or fall with them, and we must regard Dr.



Drummond's hypothesis of conscious literary workmanship on the writer's part as strained beyond breaking point when he describes the raising of Lazarus as fiction illustrative of the character of Christ. We cannot reconcile such fiction with authorship by S. John, and must explain our author's belief by his own ecclesiastical position, from the influences of which he has for once failed to detach himself. But such an exception only renders his general treatment of the problem more conspicuously judicial; and we are glad that a discussion which will for some years be the last word of English scholarship upon the subject should be as sound and sober as it is laborious and complete.

#### WILLIAM III. AND EUROPEAN POLITICS.

"Wilhelm III. von England und das Haus Wittelsbach im Zeitalter der Spanischen Erbfolgefrage. Von Dr. Georg Friedrich Preuss. Breslau: Trewendt und Granier. 1904. 10m.

THE observation that good histories, in the proper sense of the word, we have not, but that we have good historical romances and good historical essays is well illustrated in the present volume. Dr. Preuss, who belongs to the school of Treitschke, is not concerned to present anything in the nature of a picture; his interest lies in the search for historical origins, in the tracing of tendencies and in the study of policies in their general aspects. It is only by recognising this that it is possible to forgive him for taking us so far afield before approaching his subject, but we find ourselves in the end not ungrateful for his sketch of the condition of European politics at the end of the seventeenth century. His first volume is entirely in the nature of prolegomena and deals with the general considerations arising out of the grouping of the Powers at this period. It may fairly be said that there is hardly a question of modern international politics of which the counterpart is not to be found in the situation which culminated in the war of the Spanish Succession. The war marks the transition from the struggle between the houses of Habsburg and Bourbon, which characterised the seventeenth century, to the conflict between England and France which occupied the whole of the eighteenth: bringing with it the re-entry of England into what was already becoming her traditional rôle as the champion of the balance of power, the assumption of a modern form of the question of the Rhine and of Lorraine, the definite erection of the Netherlands into an independent buffer State and, above all, the beginnings of that struggle for commercial supremacy by the acquisition of colonial empires which would appear to be entering upon a new phase in our own time.

The position of the electoral State of Bavaria was at this period a peculiar one. Apart from the importance of the electoral house by reason of its dynastic alliances, Bavaria would have seemed from its size and importance predestined to play a leading part in the approaching convulsion. The conception of the French policy of aggrandising this State at the expense of the Habsburgs originated at a period considerably anterior to the outbreak of the War of the Succession. On the death of the Emperor Ferdinand III. Mazarin's efforts were directed towards inducing the Elector to seek the imperial dignity. The history of the negotiations, as forming the groundwork of the relations between the Courts of Paris and of Munich, is the most suggestive portion of this first volume. Whatever the motives which induced the Elector ultimately to retire from the contest, the fact remains that he resigned his pretensions. He did this probably no less from constitutional indecision of character than desire to preserve the peace. Then came Bavaria's second opportunity. The proposed solution of the question of the Spanish Succession was to advance enormously the fortunes of the House of Wittelsbach. But now it was the death of the electoral prince, not the decision of a ruler or of his ministers which, by rendering nugatory the Treaty of Partition, once more relegated Bavaria to the second rank. One consequence, however, of the treaty was destined to exercise an important influence upon subsequent events. The Franco-Bavarian alliance was,

in any case for a time, to ensure the neutrality of the Elector in Louis' impending attack upon the Netherlands. Some general reflections arising out of this attack bring the present volume to a close, with a mere passing reference to the prince whose policy was to play so great a part in European politics.

Dr. Preuss has found some difficulty in getting under weigh, but we think that he is now fairly started and we cherish the hope that his work may appear better proportioned when we have his subsequent volumes. The difficulties with which he has had to contend will be apparent from reading the footnotes which, more Germanico, occupy more than half his space and display a range of study of quite exceptional width as well as admirable judgment in selection. We are promised new light from researches made in the archives at Paris and Madrid, which should prove of exceptional interest if it contributes to our knowledge of the policy of Spain at this period. Macaulay recommended the history of that country to students of the morbid anatomy of government. We have always thought it open to doubt whether the policy of the advisers of Charles was as utterly fatuous as has generally been assumed by those historians whose custom it has been to dwell upon its failures rather than upon the difficulties with which it had to contend. Dr. Preuss is well qualified to undertake such an autopsy. "L'histoire", says Taine, "est un art, il est vrai, mais elle est aussi une science". Dr. Preuss is not likely to confuse the two, and we think it for the best that he does not propose to make the attempt.

#### NOVELS.

"Hana: a Daughter of Japan." By Murai Gensai. Tokio: The "Hochi Shimbun" Office. 1904.

"The Hochi Shimbun" is a Tokio journal with a large circulation, due in no small degree to Mr. Murai's literary ability, and several of his best stories have appeared in the columns of that popular organ. His work is characterised by a close attention to detail and complete mastery of dramatic effect that prove him to be an admirer of the Continental school of novelists, but he ever keeps before him a definite purpose which is as commendable as it is ambitious. He aims at familiarising the reading public of the world at large with the true characteristics of the Japanese people. If he succeeds in this endeavour he will have done it a service, for in nothing has there been more misrepresentation and wholesale misconception than are betrayed in the estimates commonly formed of Japanese home life. Hana, i.e. Blossom, is the daughter of a diet-physician, living in the capital. When Dr. Hayashi's son, a captain in the Imperial navy, comes to take his leave before sailing for Port Arthur, in the course of a conversation which accurately sets forth Japan's position with regard to the war with Russia, the father remarks,—"There is a time when death is much easier for a man than to fulfil his duty, and if he dies just for the sake of death, he cannot execute the duty that is assigned him. True bravery is not in throwing away one's life, or courting death, but in doing one's duty at the hazard of one's life. You must not forget that." This may be taken as Japan's reply to fables anent Japanese soldiers' reckless and fanatical waste of their own lives. There is a word in Japanese that is dear to the hearts and minds of the people: it is kakugo—originally of Buddhist interpretation, it is employed to convey a clear conception of the truth of life and death—no ostentation in life, and no fear in death. Perhaps it embodies something of the thoroughness and resolution which distinguish the Japanese character. Mr. Murai's guiding principle is kakugo, as may easily be seen. His work has been efficiently rendered into English by Mr. Unkichi Kawai, who apologises for all imperfections as being a native-born Japanese, living in Japan, "in which he has great pride". Printing and binding are both Japanese, and are beautiful examples of these arts, the silken covers decorated with iris blooms in natural tints, the whole being enclosed in a cover richly embellished and portraying the peerless Fujiyama, rising from a placid, sail-dotted sea.

"The Edge of Circumstance: a Story of the Sea." By Edward Noble. London: Blackwood. 1904. 6s.

Comparison of Mr. Noble's story of the sea with some of Mr. Joseph Conrad's books is inevitable, but the newcomer has his own point of view and, to judge from this first book, should find a place for himself among the writers who count. It is strange that so little has been made in fiction of the threads that radiate from commercial houses, peopled it may be by self-indulgent knaves, to the perilous corners of the world where better men are fighting the seas or the wilderness for employers' profit. Mr. Noble has gripped the theme. A firm of somewhat shady shipowners in Cardiff make an experiment in building and launch an ungainly vessel, fitted with all kinds of labour-saving appliances, which is to tramp the seas at a minimum of expenditure. To disguise their meanness they engage the crew on a co-operative profit-sharing system. A competent captain and chief engineer, down on their luck, are persuaded to take charge, and the s.s. "Titan" soon nicknamed "Schweinigel" by the "Dutch" crew, starts on its risky courses. Mr. Noble has a rare descriptive touch for storms and for the grim episodes which still present themselves in a sailor's life, while he works out with subtlety the relations between the owners—at loggerheads with each other—and their servants, between capitalists' cupidity and the straight courage of seafaring men. To the ablest member of the firm the path towards the ultimate prosperity which comes from "the steady shipment of gold-finding fuel from English ports to England's enemies" entails at one point a wrecking job. How he handled the situation is told by Mr. Noble with fine insight.

"Scenes of Jewish Life." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. London: Arnold. 1904. 6s.

Half a dozen stories form Mrs. Sidgwick's new volume. They have all appeared in magazines but were well worth republishing as they are all governed by a certain unity of idea. They are mostly concerned with well-to-do Jewish life in London with occasional excursions to the German town of Eberheim, and the chief theme is that of marriage. In the opening story we have a charming, independent Jewish girl who cannot quite make up her mind to marry her father's partner and so goes for awhile to Eberheim where she is sought after by a certain anti-Semite officer, and finds her relatives putting up with the most horrible social persecution and even toadying their persecutors. Esther, however, is made of sterner stuff and behaves with admirable spirit. In another of the stories we have a beautiful young woman of nineteen married to an ugly but clever man nearly double her age, and watch her as she falls under the spell of a flashy musician, and her husband as he quietly seeks to protect her against herself. The stories are full of character and thoroughly interesting—far more so than those short stories in which some writers strive to pack incidents instead of portraying individualities.

"The Talking Master." By W. Teignmouth Shore. London: Isbister. 1904. 6s.

Treated in the ingenious manner of Mr. Hichens, or fertilised by the pleasant fancy of Mr. Richardson, the idea of "The Talking Master" might have been developed into an entertaining story. But Mr. Teignmouth Shore has neither wit nor originality enough to prevent his "irresponsibility" from falling flat and heavy to the ground, instead of floating lightly in an airy atmosphere of brilliant impertinence and gay insouciance. The would-be cheerful and flippant young man, who undertakes to teach the art of witty conversation to a rich retired tradesman, is unfortunately a very ordinary and rather dull talker. "You see" he says "there are so many who can talk common sense, and so few who can talk uncommon nonsense." Certainly Mr. Teignmouth Shore's "Talking Master" is not one of those few.

"Helen Alliston." By the Author of "Elizabeth's Children". London: John Lane. 1904. 6s.

No one who has even a moderate liking for children could resist the fascination of the "Derrys", the six delightful infants all different and all lovable, of the

impecunious happy-go-lucky Derrington household. The story is a delightful one, exceedingly well written. "Helen" herself is charming and the vulgar "Stanley Brownes" are most amusing though slightly caricatured. The men, even the gifted lover, are less successful, they are somewhat shadowy and the "literary" conversations are as unconvincing and irritating as is usual in novels. But the children are admirable and engrossing; there is no resisting the fascination of the "Derrys".

"Vivian Harcourt's Secret." By Baroness Oesterreicher. London: Jarrold. 1904. 3s. 6d.

The best that can be said of this little story is, that it is quite harmless. The tone is kindly and gentle, the writing careful and simple, but the subject-matter of the book is hopelessly commonplace and unoriginal, and the reflections and ideas are trite in nature and in expression.

#### ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

"Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (Fondation Piot). Recueil général des Monnaies Grecques d'Asie-Mineure." Commencé par feu W. H. Waddington, continué et complété par E. Babelon et Th. Reinach. Tome premier, premier fascicule, Pont et Paphlagonie. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1904. 32s. (40 fr.)

When two accomplished scholars like MM. E. Babelon and Th. Reinach put their heads together for a common task, the result cannot but be excellent. The first fasciculus now before us of the big work they have undertaken, shows that the late M. Waddington's comprehensive scheme of publishing a "Corpus" of all the Greek coins of Asia Minor will be adequately carried through, and that the result will be another invaluable contribution to the science of numismatics and of history at large. The historical introductions to each section of the book are of paramount interest; it is perhaps to be regretted that the authors should have preserved the appellation of Achemenids wrongly assumed by the Kings of Pont; this qualification, which has no other foundation than the vainglory of Mithridates VI., Eupator, and his descendants, is misleading and ought to be done away with, as for the superficial

(Continued on page 836.)

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reader it may create a confusion with the true Achemenids, who came to an end when the last of them was defeated by Alexander of Macedonia. We will revert more completely to Messrs. Babelon and Th. Reinach's book when the next fasciculus—which is to contain the general introduction—appears. The plates and the setting up are perfection itself.

"Apollo. Histoire générale des Arts plastiques, professée à l'Ecole du Louvre." Par Salomon Reinach, Paris: Hachette. 1904. 6s. (7 fr. 50.)

This is another of those most useful illustrated manuals which M. Salomon Reinach has published during the last twelve or fifteen years, and which have proved invaluable to students, scholars and artists as well as to men of the world at large. Under a cheap and handy form each of them constitutes a small library by itself, as they sum up scores of bulky and expensive illustrated works, only to be found as a rule in large public libraries. The previous ones are limited to Greek, Etruscan and Roman art—but "Apollo" covers a much wider field, and comprises the whole history of plastic art in all its branches—painting, sculpture and architecture—from its prehistoric origins up to the present day. Over six hundred illustrations bring the monuments themselves before our eyes, so as to allow us to follow under a graphic form, in an uninterrupted series, the development of human artistic genius during the course of ten or twelve millenniums, and even more. The book is divided into twenty-five lectures, which were delivered at the "Ecole du Louvre" between December 1902 and June 1903. As an illustration of the wonderful rapidity with which archaeology and archaeological discoveries progress every day, we must note that the first lectures—delivered exactly two years ago—are already partially put out of date by the discoveries of the French Delegation at Susa (see SATURDAY REVIEW of 15 October and 19 November) and by the publication of M. P. Paris' book on "Primitive Spain", which we will review in one of our next issues. As far as Chaldean art in particular is concerned, M. Salomon Reinach's criticism, solely based on the Tell-Loh monuments, should undoubtedly have been very much altered had he known King Varamsin's glorious relief. At the end of each lecture a compendious bibliography is given, facilitating further researches; an excellent index completes the usefulness of the book.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Some Consequences of the Norman Conquest." By the Rev. Geoffrey Hill. London: Elliot Stock. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hill in this volume does not discover himself a second Freeman, but he has brought together a quantity of the minutiae of history, particularly in relation to the English language, on which he is prepared to throw all the light he commands. Applying to England Napoleon's contemptuous saying about Russia, he declares that if you scratch an Englishman of to-day you find the Anglo-Saxon. He advances with confidence the curious theory that bad English is the result of the Norman Conquest. One might be more interested in the theory if the illustrations of "bad grammar" which he offers were more convincing. Mr. Hill would trounce Thackeray for writing "The evidence is of the slightest", Scott for "your mattress was of the hardest", Bulwer for "Most of his viands were of the plainest". It is stuff and nonsense. The grammar is of the best. Who told Mr. Hill that "we have no right to use an adjective without a noun when it is not itself used as a noun and when a noun cannot be understood without it"? Moreover, if Mr. Hill cannot supply a noun in the cases we have quoted from his rather absurd list, he is too wanting in imagination to write with safety on the English language. Mr. Hill would also pillory George Meredith for saying, or suffering somebody to say, "he don't bring", "he don't send", "he don't spend". The expression don't sound at all pretty: we hope that Mr. Hill will help to check it. But suppose "he won't" had not grown out of "he will not"—how horrible the man would seem to us all who ventured to use it. Is "he won't" or "I won't" bad English? Here is a poser for Mr. Hill's next book. We note that Mr. Hill's Augean stable of bad English includes the Authorised Version of the Bible—"A second bullock of seven years old"; and "thirty-four times at least" we have in this Book "for to". Freeman, Mr. Lang, and the Bible appear indeed to be among Mr. Hill's chief sinners. Mr. Lang—who has ferreted in the burrows of bad English and supplied the literary paragraphists with some of the most popular examples of bad English—to think that he should be thus exposed! Mr. Lang says in one of his books: "Some of the Camerons having lately threatened to be resented of him for his behaviour about yt money, he met with them and parted friends." But Mr. Lang "can also be correct"; for instance "Charlotte had made a friend in the Duc de Richelieu".

"Partridge Driving." By C. Alington, London: Murray. 1904. 6s.

It is always a pleasant task to review a book written by a sportsman on a subject which he thoroughly understands. No one can doubt for a moment, as he reads these pages, that

Mr. Alington knows very nearly all there is to know on the matter of which he treats. In his very modest preface, he says that he trusts his remarks may interest those who know as much or more than he does. We venture to think that most people who are interested in partridge driving may learn a great deal and even the elect more than a little from this book. It is without question that in ninety-nine estates out of a hundred the partridge is neglected for the pheasant. Yet no one can deny that there is more sport to be got out of a real good day's partridge driving than out of many days' covert shooting, and that, too, at a tithe of the cost. How partridge driving has increased the stock of birds where it has been regularly and systematically practised, and the various reasons for the increase, is a matter of history and as Mr. Alington forcibly points out, there are very few estates of any size where it cannot be successfully carried out. He describes the Euston system in some detail; we could have wished he had done the same with the French as we have every confidence that with a thorough knowledge of this, a good show of partridges can be obtained, quite irrespective of weather conditions. It is essential however that the keeper should be thoroughly acquainted with the *modus operandi*, and for this reason we regret that the author has not furnished his readers with further details. This much is certain that were partridge driving and keeping always carried out on the principles and under the rules laid down by Mr. Alington, there would be far fewer failures than at present obtain. The chapter on "Retrievers and Spaniels" which closes the book is excellently written. The reason we think why there are so very few of either breed really broken is that not one man in a thousand knows how to break a dog. It requires infinite patience, intimate knowledge and unflinching good temper—these qualities we fear are the attributes of the very few.

"Colonial Memories." By Lady Broome. London: Smith, Elder. 1904.

Lady Broome's name as that of a voyageur, vicereine, and essayist has long been familiar. Her Memories were distinctly worth record and make an agreeable book. She saw the various parts of the empire during stirring times and some of her pages afford interesting glimpses into the conditions of colonial life as it was a quarter of a century and more ago. Lady Broome was clearly predestined to travel far and wide. An old gipsy woman foretold that she would wander up and down the earth, and concluded with the not very reassuring prophecy that she would die by drowning. As Lady Broome has taken in all some forty voyages, she has at least given fate an opportunity to justify the fortune-teller. Among the colonies of which Lady Broome writes are New Zealand, Natal, Mauritius, West Australia and Trinidad. She kept her eyes open for all things in nature whether observed East or West, and she records her impressions pleasantly and unpretentiously.

The little reprints of standard authors prepared against the book-giving season are not so noticeable this year as they have been in several years past. There is no striking novelty in production among them. One had expected before now a ticket-pocket complete Shakespeare, and a Tennyson that can be carried in the card-case or match-box, but so far nobody has improved in minuteness on the edition of Shakespeare which Messrs. Treherne have been bringing out. In green and gold, Milton's poetical works, introduced by Masson, have been added to the Globe Library (Macmillan. 5s. net) whilst the same firm include Christina Rossetti's poems in the Golden Treasury series. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who edits and selects the poems, gives his view that Christina had no true and poetic vocation as Dante Gabriel. His preface is interesting, but we are not struck by his array of press notices—notice from the "Montrose Standard", the "Baptist Magazine", the "Times", the "East Anglian Daily Times". Christina Rossetti surely stands not in need to-day of press notices.—Messrs. Blackie have added to the Red Letter Library "Herrick", "In Memoriam", "Poems by Byron", "Johnson's Table Talk", and "Poems by George Herbert." It seems to us a good plan to include in the edition of "In Memoriam" Mr. F. W. Robertson's "Analysis", a very natural unpretentious piece of work which itself has run through many editions. This with Mr. Bradley's fine Commentary and Mr. Gatty's little book is all we need of the kind. The price of each of the Red Letter reprints is 2s. 6d. net.—"The Ruskin Reprints" (Allen) now begin to fill quite a long shelf. Here we have the "Modern Painters" in six volumes, three volumes illustrated at 3s. 6d. net each, and three without illustrations at 2s. 6d. net.—Messrs. Bell have brought out Pepys' "Diary" in four volumes "edited with additions" by H. B. Wheatley, a plain cheap book at 20s. net. Other reprints which we have received include Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" in three volumes in "The York Library" (Bell) 2s. net each volume.

In "Literary Geography" ("Pall Mall Gazette." 10s. 6d. net.) Mr. William Sharp chats with enthusiasm of the countries of Scott, the Brontës, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith and other English authors. His collection of sketches has not the good flavour of Howitt's "Homes and Haunts", but it is agreeable



and genuine. Now and again his expression is rather awkward: for instance we notice the following: "the lovely spring flower 'Love-in-a-Mist'—for which Mr. Meredith has a special affection, and has and still has slips of it in his garden". This is a tough sentence to parse.

"Almanach du Drapeau, 1905." Paris: Hachette et Cie.

This marvellous epitome of everything a French soldier or sailor should know grows in bulk but contains nothing superfluous to its purpose. It does not even lack comic interludes in verse, prose and illustrations to distract the mind wearied with an excessive absorption of information. When foreign nations or their armaments come in for consideration they seem to be quite fairly treated. We may point out however that the criticism that many vessels reckoned as effective in our own fleet are of little use has, under new arrangements, no point. Criticism of the present state of the French navy in such a work as this would be certainly out of place but of course the imposing picture presented here is not to be taken au grand sérieux. We may perhaps be forgiven for pointing out that "Remember of the 'Maine'" is not even good American. There is some excellent medical advice in this book in a few words and the table of the coins which are and are not accepted in France as good money would be quite as useful to English tourists as to French soldiers.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Décembre. 3fr.

Readers will probably turn first to Pierre Loti's impressions of Japan revisited. These sketches of his latest experiences in 1900 at the time of the China troubles are not less interesting though they lack the freshness and charm of his "Madame Chrysanthème". Western innovations have clearly not improved the outward appearance of Japanese ports but beyond the buildings erected for absolute utility we do not observe that the writer remarks any other considerable changes in the manners and habits of the civil population. Among the sailors there would appear to be deterioration owing to the pernicious example given by those of other nations. He records the frequent spectacle of drunken Japanese in the vicinity of the harbour. But might not this be due to the presence of so many foreign squadrons? We doubt if it be a fact of everyday occurrence. It would also seem that most of the artistic charm and picturesque simplicity of the ordinary scenes of public resort have vanished. The homage paid to the much-advertised wares of the Western world must clearly be destructive of the simple good taste that was at one time most characteristic of Japan but the old customs remain unimpaired in private life especially among the upper classes. This applies even to costume. The Japanese have adopted certain results of European enterprise for purposes of utility, but their conviction of the superiority of their own civilisation rests at bottom unaltered. This is the conclusion we draw from these observations.

For this Week's Books see page 838.



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